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DEATH WALKS WITH A WIGGLE!

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN OF DISTINCTION

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1961 BEAUTY CALENDAR
In Full Color

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IMPOSSIBLE!

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PILLOW TALK



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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN OF DISTINCTION

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FEB., 1961
VOL. 4, NO. 5

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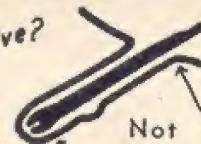
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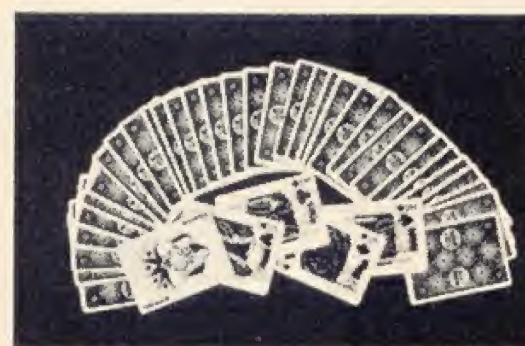
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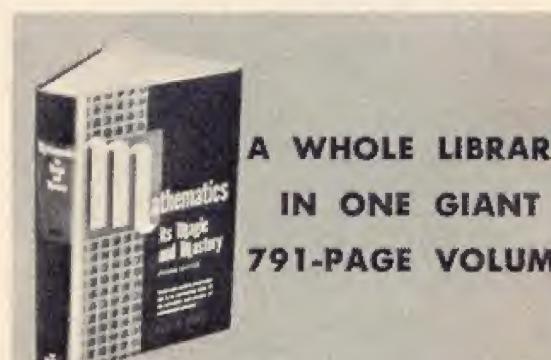
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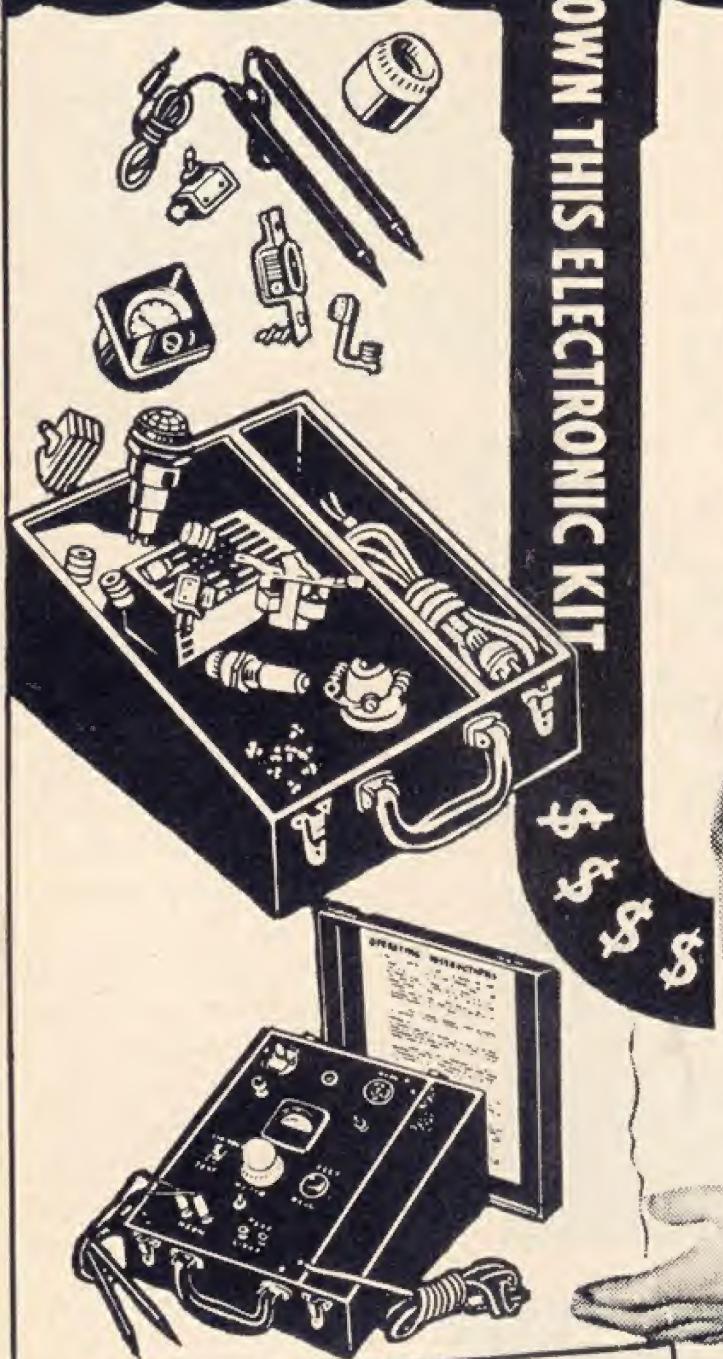
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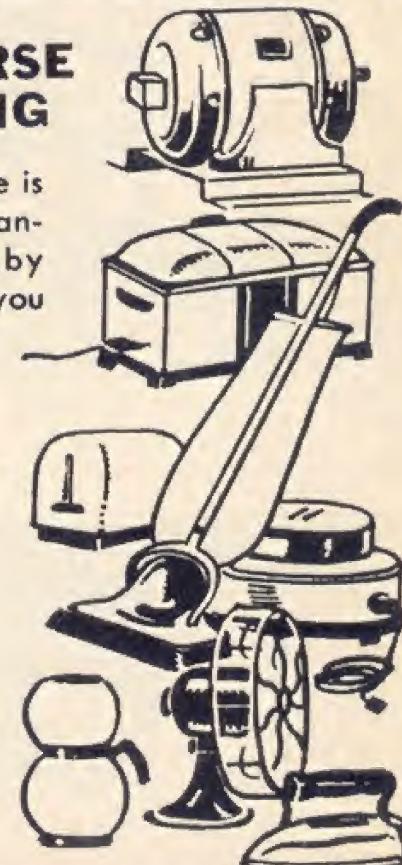


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Ace-High

BY KEN NOBLE

BOOKS AND RECORDS

DARIN AT THE COPA (ATCO) is a live recording of Bobby Darin's debut at New York's Copacabana. The special rapport between an entertainer and his audience has been beautifully captured. Darin displays all the charm, poise and showmanship he's said to possess. Versatility is this lad's meat and whether it's a ballad, blues or bounce tune, he gives each a solid rendition. Best of all, he can sing! A big one for Bobby.

THE FANTASTICKS (MGM) is an original cast album of a new musical now residing off-broadway in Manhattan. Written by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, it is refreshingly original and delightfully different. It sparkles with satire and comedy, shimmers with romanticism and poetry. An exquisite gem worthy of the connoisseur.

LOVE LOCKED OUT (Riverside) features Bev Kelly, a young jazz singer of note from Chicago, in her first album. Intimate is the best adjective for this lady — as one listen to "My Ship" will prove. Definitely down-tempo, the whole mood of the album is one of unrequited love. Dim lights and a handkerchief suggested.

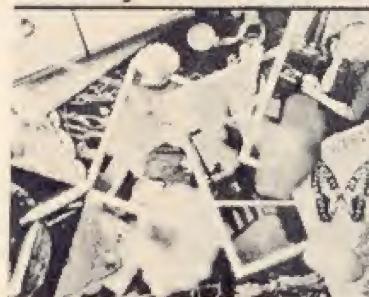
SHELLY MANNE AND HIS MEN AT THE BLACK HAWK (Contemporary) is the first of four volumes recorded at The Black Hawk in Los Angeles. With Shelly on drums, the "men" are Joe Gordon, trumpet; Richie Kamuca, tenor sax; Victor Feldman, piano; and Monty Budwig on bass. Not having any time restrictions, they are able to really stretch out and express themselves fully. The result is an exciting, free swinging record modern jazz aficionados will enjoy.

OUT OF MY HEAD (Riverside) brings famed Downbeat humorist George Crater (alias Ed Sherman) giving us vocally a sample of his written word. This cat is way out, man, but if you are, too, chances are you'll dig. Funniest of the monologues is called "Practice Dialing." Did you know the phone company has a special number new subscribers may use to practice dialing? Imagine what Crater does with that bit of information and you'll have started laughing already.

THE BLACK BOOK (Dutton) by Lawrence Durrell was written in 1936 when the celebrated author was a young man of twenty-four. Due to the lifting of the censorship bans it has been published in this country for the first time. It is the brilliant first novel that led, in a burst of verbal skyrocketing, to the Alexandria Quartet, hailed as a major achievement in modern literature. The setting is a shabby residential hotel in London. The characters are strange, eccentric people, seen through the eyes of the narrator, Lawrence Lucifer.

There is the sensualist, Lobo; Tarquin, a hypochondriac, frustrated in music and sex; Clare, a narcissistic gigolo; Gracie, a prostitute; and Herbert Gregory, former occupant of Lucifer's room, who's forgotten diary, the Black Book, records the bizarre lives of the hotel inhabitants. A savage attack on the England of the thirties, Durrell has written a stimulating, lusty and passionate book that can well serve as an attack on our society today. Despite disclaimers to his being a forerunner of the Angry Young Men of Britain today, this group obviously owes much to Durrell. ●

Bev Kelly Love Locked Out



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*"It's easy," says Don Bolander...
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How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate

Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English*," says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes*.

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question *What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence — handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life.

You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What do you mean by a "command of English"?*

Answer A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation — also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question *But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home — in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *Does it really work?*

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question *Who are some of these people?*

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question *How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to anyone who is interested.

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FICTION

BY TED MARK

The Passionate ↓ Namedropper

WILHELM GOECKEN

If he'd pegged her right, she wasn't hip nor beat, she was just a sweet kid from the Middle West . . .

WALLACE WAS about as unlikely-looking a character to be plunged into the Greenwich Village milieu as you could find. In a world of loudly opinionated oddballs, his lack of ego alone made him stand out. Yet he took to the Village "life" like a junkie takes to a pusher and the oddballs took to Wallace the way anything that's all mouth takes to a receptive ear. They treated him with great superiority and condescension, but they liked him. And they respected him as a painter although he'd had no success to speak of and lacked most of the attributes expected of a Village painter—attributes like dope addiction, alcoholism, homosexuality, or sex obsessions.

Physically, Wallace wasn't too impressive either. He stood just a bit over five feet and weighed 108 when he was eating regularly — which wasn't too often. His face was pleasantly homely and he'd long ago resigned himself to being kidded about his overly large ears. He'd also resigned himself to the fact that women didn't find him especially

attractive and contented himself with the third-rate girls who came his way. That's why he was so surprised when this really sensational chick made a pitch for him that night at *Pinaro's*.

It was no different from any other night at the garlic-smelling, wine-dispensing hangout for artists and writers. It was crowded and loud with ego-expression — as though shouting alone must turn opinion into fact. To Wallace's left at the bar two unpublished writers were quoting Camus at each other in an effort to prove a point about non-existence—one insisting it was the aim of life, the other proclaiming it as life's condition.

To his right, a renowned painter was holding forth to a group of eager disciples on the techniques evolving from the purposeful breakdown of the quality of light. Wallace listened to the painter without actually becoming a part of the group. He respected this man because he had not let success change his life. He still came to *Pinaro's*

every night—just as he had when he was unknown. Only now others came to *Pinaro's* just to see him and to hear him talk. There was no doubt that he was worth listening to and so Wallace listened. But the girl's voice in his ear broke into his attentiveness and then captured it completely.

"Excuse me," she said softly and smiled at him. She was trying to wedge up to the bar between Wallace and the writers.

"Quite all right," Wallace said politely, turning his back to the painter and edging backwards to make room. His eyes took her in shyly, but appreciatively. She was really something. Honey-gold hair and that fresh, just-hit-town-from-the-Mid-West look about her that most girls lose after about six months in the Village. She wore a simple sweater and skirt—small-townish, not beatnik—which hugged her curves demurely, but concealed them not at all. Her eyes were big and blue and betrayed her fascination with the beards and (Continued on page 60)



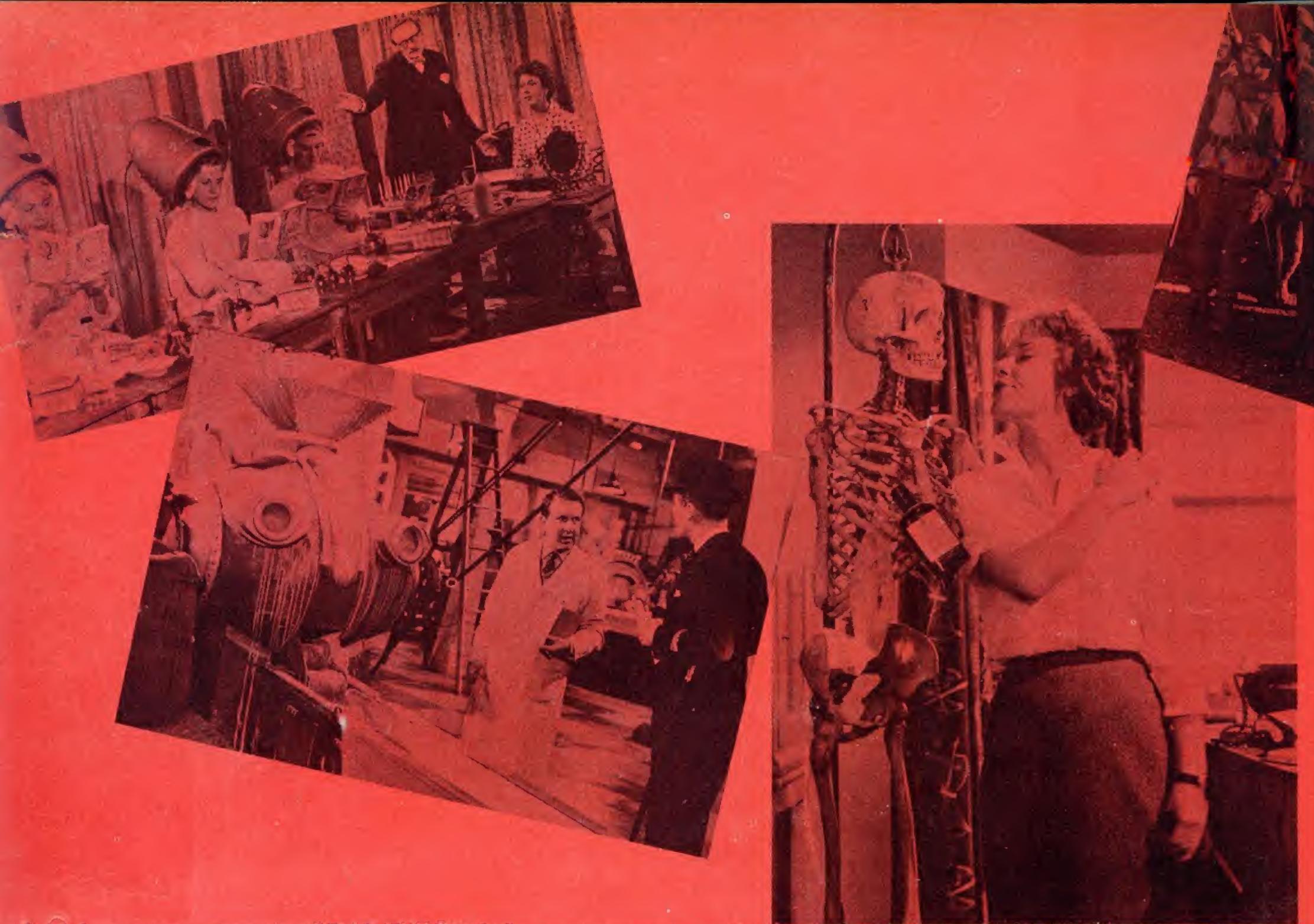


TOTEM AND TABOO

That's what pert Brenda Bogin's
dreams are made of — and when
a dream dreams, it's dreamy!

WHEN SIGMUND FREUD'S works on dream interpretation exploded on the world some fifty-odd years ago, people found them difficult to reconcile with the more scholarly and temperate work he'd done in the field of anthropology and reported in "Totem und Taboo." How, they wondered, could the distance from the primitive world to the dream-world be spanned? Well, Freud had his explanations—some of which are still not accepted—but the jump is more picturesquely demonstrated by Brenda Bogin, a lass whose dreams are filled with totems and other symbols, but are not necessarily taboo. This night, for instance, Brenda had no sooner put head to pillow than she was off in her own never-never land of totem poles and jungle foliage. And isn't it fortunate that ACE sent a photographer along? Well, isn't it?





John Bull's War on

Hollywood trembles at the idea, but Britons are making millions poking fun at the "untouchables"!

IN HOLLYWOOD, a sacred cow is nothing to laugh about. It's to be treated tenderly and with respect. Movie heroes praise and defend it. Anyone who knocks it is a villain, and every film-goer knows what happens to *them* in the final reel.

Not that Hollywood doesn't produce satires. U.S. producers have turned out some very fine ones indeed. But with rare exceptions, the subjects are innocuous ones such as newspaper reporters, enlisted men in the services, women-chasing men, or hotel bellboys. On the few occasions they try a satire, the subject is bound to be a safe one like the era

of the twenties which was kidded in "Some Like It Hot."

Important matters such as politics, patriotism, big business, big labor unions, medicine, crime and the like do not have fun poked at them. They are the sacred cows and no fit subject for comedy.

Or are they? Perhaps not for American producers, but overseas in England, film-makers have poked fun at these subjects and many others that come under the heading of sacred cows in Hollywood.

An interesting fact about these pictures is that they've proved Hollywood's cautious attitude to be

unnecessary. Few people have taken offense at them. Many have not only received critical raves, but have been box-office hits as well. In fact, their combined success has been so great that they have introduced a whole galaxy of British stars who specialize in satire to the American movie fan. Names like Alec Guinness, Terry Thomas, Peter Sellers, Alastair Sim, George Cole, Joyce Grenfell—to mention just a few—are becoming more and more well known on this side of the Atlantic.

The first of these movies to score a big hit in the United States was the Alec Guinness starrer, "Kind



Sacred Cows

BY DON GORDON

Hearts and Coronets." Released ten years ago in 1950, this picture tickled the ribs of a whole bunch of sacred cows including the British peerage, multiple murder and the nautical tradition of the captain's going down with his ship. The story had Guinness playing eleven different roles, both male and female. They were all members of the same family who stood between co-star Dennis Price and his dreams of a title. The major part of the film had Price killing Guinness in each one of his roles.

The success of "Kind Hearts" was responsible for a whole group of other pictures with Guinness as star. "The Lavender Hill Mob" was a farce about a mild mannered man who manages to rob the Bank of

England. "The Promoter" featured Guinness as a young conniver who parlayed a lack of scruples into a highly respected position. In this film Valerie Hobson portrayed a golddigger whose rise to respectability parallels Guinness'. "The Captain's Paradise" was about a captain on the Mediterranean Sea who had two wives in two different ports. One is quiet and respectable, the other, played in the film by Yvonne DeCarlo, is wild and abandoned. Towards the end the deception is found out and the bigamist is ordered to face a firing squad. In the unforgettable last scene, however, Guinness bribes his executioners to shoot their commanding officer instead. He makes his escape—presumably to live the life of an un-

reconstructed bigamist in some other land.

One of the most famous of the Guinness satires was "The Man In The White Suit," a movie that manages to kid such sacred cows as science, labor and top management. The plot involves a man who invents a suit that is wear-proof and stain-proof. It is, in fact, the perfect suit—except that nobody wants it. Industry needs suits that wear out in order to sell more. Labor feels the same way about it. Society, the film points out, needs imperfection. In spite of all the statements to the contrary, anyone who produces too good a product is bound to get it in the neck.

In late years, Guinness has turned away (Continued on next page)

JOHN BULL'S WAR ON SACRED COWS

continued

from the sort of satire that brought him so much fame. But a host of successors have been starred in English films that are every bit as irreverent as the early Guinness ones. The more sacred an institution is, the more delight these films seem to take in deflating them.

Medical science, for example, was taken down quite a few notches by the "Doctor" series starring Dirk Bogarde. In the first of these, "Doctor In The House," the hero is a medical student who passes out the first time he watches an operation. The next, "Doctor At Sea," picks up Bogarde after his graduation and follows him through on his first job—that of a doctor on an ocean liner. Here, he gets involved with a passionate French girl played by Brigitte Bardot and has to look after the health of his skipper's stomach. The last of the series, "Doctor At Large," gibus away generally at the ethics of many medical men. All told, they are the kind of films which doctors' groups in this country would do their best to see never got out of the talking stage. These groups would much rather revive Dr. Kildare.

Another English film series, one which is still going strong, is about a private school for girls called St. Trinians. In "The Belles Of St. Trinians," Alastair Sim stars as the head mistress with larceny in her heart—and, dressed as a woman, Sim is a sight to behold. George Cole is Sim's assistant "Flash" Harry, and Joyce Grenfell is a policewoman who tries to cope with the students when they dynamite a safe to steal an exam. In "Blue Murder At St. Trinians," Sim is in jail and "Flash" Harry takes his most glamorous charges on a European good-will tour with the prime purpose of marrying them off — for profit, naturally. The climax is a water-polo match in Italy where the British glamour-girls manage to drain the swimming pool and leave their friendly Italian rivals out cold in their form-fitting swim-suits.

The latest in this series, "Pure Hell At St. Trinians," pokes fun at such unlikely objects as fire-bugs and white slavery! After setting fire to their own school, the girls are taken on a luxury tour of Greece. At least that is what they think—the trip is actually to sell the senior class to an Eastern Emir as wives for his sons. The picture ends in complete chaos with the girls, who are giving a good account of themselves in a hand to hand battle with the Emir's sons, reinforced by the lower graders who have "borrowed" some army tanks for the occasion.

Such strong institutions as national pride and patriotism, the atomic bomb and the British Navy come in for their share of roasting in "The Mouse That Roared." The film is released by Columbia, and even before the title flashes on the screen the film's theme is stated by having the lady who is the film company's trade mark chased off her pedestal by a small mouse. The plot has the Duchy of Grand Fenwick, smallest nation in the world, declare war on the United States. They intend to lose the war so that they will qualify for American aid. The scheme fails, however, when Peter Sellers who leads the army of twenty mail-clad knights inadvertently captures the "Q" bomb which could destroy a whole continent. Thus Grand Fenwick wins the war and its hope of U.S. aid is shattered. The whole irreverent attitude of the movie can be summed up in a brief scene aboard the ship Queen Elizabeth whose master and first mate are discussing the "Q" bomb. After hearing a description of its total horrors, the captain sighs: "Never replace the British Navy, though."

Another Peter Sellers film which does not let up until it hits every facet of modern life from nudism to international cooperation is "I'm All Right Jack." In this one, Sellers is a sweet-natured, honest schnook from an impoverished branch of the British aristocracy. On his discharge from the army, he first tries to join

his father at a nudist colony and then decides to make his way in industry. Industry has little use for him, however, even though he has some interesting suggestions for it. When he learns that a set of spoons given away with a laundry soap, for example, costs more than the soap does, he suggests selling the spoons and giving away the soap.

The major portion of "I'm All Right Jack" concerns management and organized labor. The union men are interested only in goofing off and are ready to call a strike or a work stoppage whenever their right to gold-brick is threatened. To balance things out, management is interested in get rich quick schemes and forces a strike in order to make a backstage agreement with the representative of a middle-East nation. Sellers, the only honest man in the film, naturally gets the short end of the stick and winds up back in the nudist colony with his father.

Still another picture that satirizes business ethics is "The Battle Of The Sexes," based on a story by the American satirist, James Thurber. Sellers, who may well be the most talented of the new British stars, is also featured in this one. In it, he plays a long term employee of a company that is suddenly threatened by a female efficiency expert. An efficient type himself, Sellers decides to "rub her out, as one does a bookkeeping error." In spite of a truly fiendish plan, however, the murder does not come off and he is forced to sabotage the female expert's job. This he does with an ingeniously underhanded plot. At the end of the film, however, we wonder if he's really won the war, after all. For the efficiency expert is dissolved in tears and Sellers is buying her flowers.

If business ethics are satirized in "The Battle Of The Sexes," modern ethics of every type are kidded in "School For Scoundrels" which stars Terry Thomas, Ian Carmichael and the long-time English favorite, Alastair Sim. (Continued on p. 62)



"I guess I'm just a big kid at heart. I like to leave the best for last."



FICTION

Oliver's Trysts

BY AL SPROUL and JIM LEHNER

His plots were strictly off-Broadway and his actresses left nothing to be desired!

NOW AND THEN, whenever Suzi and I make a few half-hearted passes at each other, I find myself wishing someone like Oliver Tolliver were around to write our love scenes. Even theater mashers have been known to stop what they were doing and give their full attention to the screen when one of Oliver's steamheated interludes was flashed on it.

Seduction on a ski-lift . . . lust on a rubbing table . . . passion on a trampoline . . . these were only a few of Oliver's vital contributions to the cinema. He's probably never forgiven Ernest Hemingway for being the first to come up with that hanky-panky in a sleeping bag.

Only a handful of budding Bankheads and I ever appreciated Oliver's true genius in bringing to life the love scenes he'd first committed to paper. I first met him four years ago when I was working on the writing staff of a TV comedy show—remember them? Oliver wrote the commercials for a line of beauty aids that consisted of everything from eyebrow lacquer to economy-size lipstick for Ubangis. The copy modestly proclaimed that if these beauty preparations didn't help you, your only salvation was plastic surgery—or reincarnation.

Even in those days the pop-eyed, under-sized, over-stimulated Oliver blazed with an inner fire, but un-

fortunately his sly contour-caressing and knee-kneading only got his face slapped by the cue card girl, and a few teeth loosened by the director's secretary.

One day, shortly after Oliver had followed one of the mail room girls, an inhibited Amazon, into the office supply closet, the scream that resulted caused half the staff to rush for air-raid shelters. I guess I forgot to mention that Oliver has a high-pitched voice.

He also had the raw materials, but they were still awfully raw. Who'd have figured then that eventually the Hormone Kid—as our director dubbed him—would wind up with a technique that would have made Casanova bite his nails clear up to the elbows.

Eventually our TV program folded after 26 weeks when our comedienne decided to stop laying eggs on the show, go home and have a baby instead. It was just as well. As the joke goes, we owed Nielsen five points.

Anyway, with the other TV comedy shows booked up as solidly as a sightseeing tour of Brigitte Bardot's dressing room, I went back to grinding out comedy routines for struggling young comics and straight vocalists who figured that by adding a couple of special numbers to their act they could boost themselves into the same salary bracket as TV re-

pairmen or crooked disk jockeys.

Meanwhile, Oliver continued to grind out copy for the same ad agency, but now something new had been added to his social life. Every now and then I'd run into him in some out-of-the-way spot with a different young chick who was clinging to his arm and looking down at him as though she were the president of his fan club. Young as they all were, these dolls were beautiful and built. It may have been baby fat but don't knock it! Unfortunately, Oliver always managed to disappear with his current girl friend before I could approach him. The whole thing was a mystery that Poe would have given his eye teeth to write. In short, what was the secret of Oliver's sudden success with women?

Believe it or not, another couple of years ensued before all was revealed to me. It was during the second week of his summer vacation that I ran into Oliver—alone for a change—in a Long Island bistro. I was there in response to an S.O.S. from a comic who had taken the date for short dough in order to break in some new material I had written for him. Now this comedian was panicking because the punctuation wasn't getting yocks.

A combination of charm, flattery, perseverance—and the fact that I picked (Continued on next page)



OLIVER'S TRYSTS

continued

up Oliver's sizable bar tab—secured me an invitation to his Greenwich Village apartment at 4:30 the next day.

Upon arriving at his paddock promptly at post time I was amazed to discover he had fixed it up to resemble the office of a well-heeled producer. What probably had once been the living room was now converted into a large anteroom with leather divans.

On the walls were autographed pictures of various stage stars, which Oliver had no doubt picked up in back number shops that stock such glossy reprints. Scribbled on each picture were fervent thanks for the great parts he had written for them. A close inspection revealed only two styles of handwriting, but at least it proved that Oliver was ambidextrous.

At the rear of the outer office a girl with a beehive hairdo and horn-rimmed glasses was typing painfully away. I later found out, that to further provide a business-like facade, Oliver would hire a girl during his two-week vacation every year. Girls like these were available in large quantities from outfits that specialize in finding temporary and part-time jobs for starving actors and actresses.

Seated on the divans were two worried-looking dolls who were the type you'd probably see at a casting call for "Joan of Arc." From the way they tightened their lips and edged away from each other, it was plain they were competing for the same role. The whole thing was very mystifying.

Suddenly the door behind the tired typist burst open and Oliver came barging out, looking redder than an embezzler in a blood bank. Except for looking slightly dishevelled, the girl with him was a duplicate in general appearance of the other two.

In his office—a converted bedroom—with the door closed behind us and the kindergarten Kim Stanleys still waiting, I eyed the rumpled studio couch in the connecting room,

an unconverted bedroom obviously doubling as Oliver's rehearsal studio.

"Correct me if I'm wrong," I said, as Oliver smugly wiped a smudge of lipstick from the corner of his mouth, "but isn't the cocktail hour the time for drinking!?"

It was plain from Oliver's air of suppressed excitement that he had been keeping his wonderful secret bottled up for so long, he was now ready to throw all caution to the winds.

"A little respect, please," he piped, "for a man who has come up with the greatest gimmick since duplicate keys for chastity belts! It takes preparation, but boy, does it pay off!"

He indicated a few bound plays on a shelf, each one bearing his name as author. Then, next to the tape recorder on his desk—which I subsequently discovered he used to tape his applicants' preliminary sight readings—he picked up another bound play which bore the title:

THE WAYWARD HOURI'

by

Oliver Tolliver

"Nice title," I admitted as I idly rifled through the pages of the script. "It must be fun just getting these pseudo starlets to pronounce that last word. But you're not gonna tell me you've been writing plays just to be your own matinee idol. If Shakespeare had done that he wouldn't have lived to be forty—or did he?"

Oliver tried to smile inscrutably, but on him it came out like a smirk. "If Shakespeare had rehearsed his 'leading ladies' as often as me," he bragged, "he wouldn't even have had time to trim his beard."

I settled back in the chair behind his desk and lit a cigarette. "Okay," I said, "who are you trimming? Just remember one thing: you're talking to a man who spent his boyhood playing 'Trick or Treat' in every sporting house in New Orleans." My motto is, if you're gonna lie, think big!

Oliver waited only long enough to fling himself into an armchair, shuck, bite and light a cigar that was bigger than him—then he was off to the races. Frankly, it wasn't the kind of a tale that would gain him an appearance on 'This Is Your Life.'

Briefly, Oliver's story was this: the line he handed his lovely victims—who were culled from a different batch of eager, aspiring young actresses every year—was that he had written a new play for an off-Broadway production. It was to be backed—so Oliver told them—by a mythical producer friend of his who had already raised most of the money. This friend was letting Oliver handle the casting, subject to the friend's final approval. (Oliver knew his system was fool-proof, inasmuch as checking up on off-Broadway prospects is virtually impossible.)

Because he never dealt with the regular casting agencies, and especially since he emphasized that he was only looking for fresh young talent, it was no problem to weed out the applicants until he was left with two or three lovely, naive, unattached and fairly solvent prospects. For the next two or three months he dated them, rehearsed them, and took five hundred dollars from them in return for guaranteeing them the lead.

When they began to get suspicious, or their bedside manners started to bore him, he simply kissed them off by telling each one that his no-goodnik producer friend had skipped town with the backers' dough, including hers, and there was no chance of raising any more. Sorry, but that's the way the missile crumbles.

"What a shame," I muttered, "and by that time I'll bet they were letter perfect in the love scenes, thanks to your diligent and constant rehearsing."

"Now you're with it, Dad," Oliver said, then heaved himself out of the chair. "Which reminds me: it's time for my (Continued on page 68)



Lift the mask! The New Year's here,
Filled with January's cheer,
Sparked by Karla Olson's lure,
Filled with girls, you may be sure!

ACE 1961 BEAUTY CALENDAR



QC FEBRUARY

**A fellow needs a shapely lass
To make cold February pass.
Barbara Roscoe shapes up fine
For any fellow's Valentine.**



APRIL 

**The tub's the place for April showers,
For beauty, charm and April flowers.
What better place to display roses?
Or Lita Manelli's luscious poses?**

 **MARCH**

**When March winds blow through window seams,
A warmth may still be found in dreams
Of Jill O'Bannion, just the Jill
To thaw out March's windy chill.**



 **MAY**

**One sunny day in the month of May
Lissome Sandy Raquin came our way.
She's sometimes happy and sometimes sad,
But she always makes the lensmen glad.**





JUNE



**Annie Adams heralds June.
With the month she's right in tune.
Just the girl for sea and sun
And all kinds of summer fun.**

JULY

**For July, to greet the heat,
Here's a sizzling summer treat.
Sabby Stanton is her name.
Making eyes pop is her game.**



AUGUST

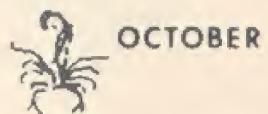
**In August men flock to the beaches
To fill their eyes with gorgeous peaches.
Like Barbara Thomas, just the sight
To make their dreams a night's delight.**



SEPTEMBER



Summer's end! Don't be forlorn.
Also joy September morn
Brings when Helen Wood's along
Greeting Autumn with a song.



October ends with Halloween,
The night when witches make the scene,
The night when men both poor and rich
Virginia Gordon will bewitch.

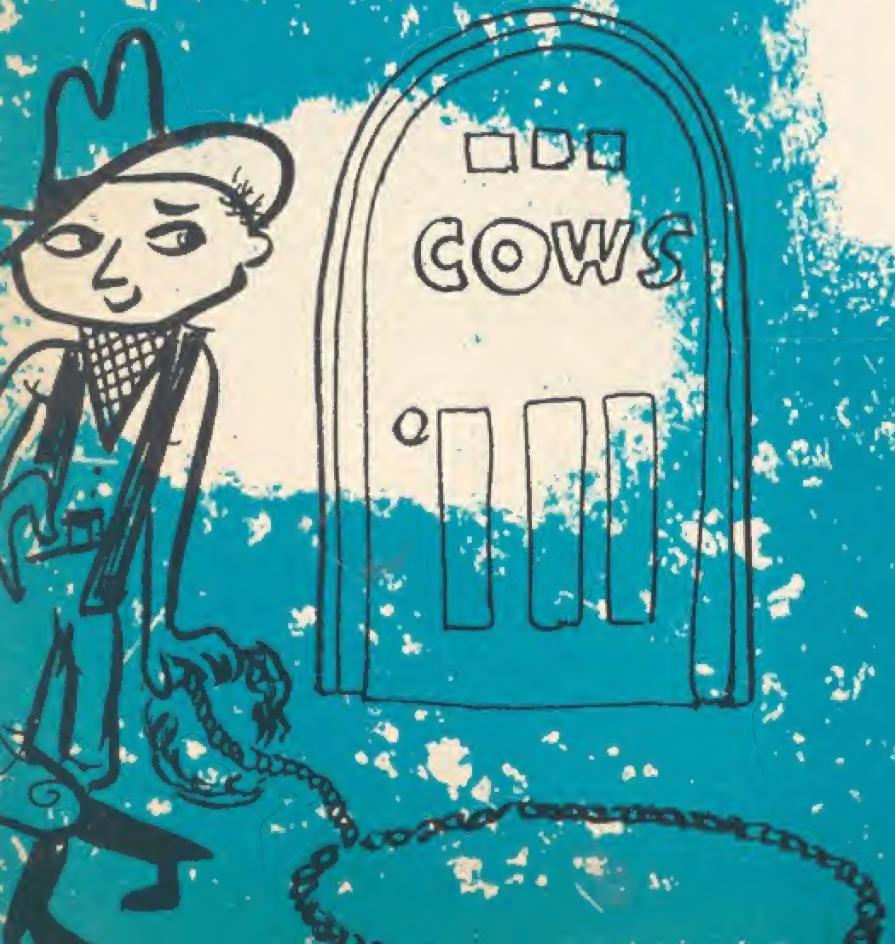




**Xmas time, December's here,
Time of carols, loud and clear.
One more reason to rejoice—
Betty Paris, Santa's choice!**



**November ushers in the cold
Of Harvest time and lassies bold,
Of girls the scarecrows cannot scare,
Like Patty Boyle, so sweet, so fair.**



"GO POWDER"

Presenting a hilarious history of the development of the most

BY JAY MARTIN

THE CONVERSATION, the other night, had moved into the field of great inventions and we were playing the game of picking the one which has done most for mankind. Somebody mentioned the harnessing of fire, one of the girls replied with the lever and another one mentioned the wheel.

Suddenly a girl excused herself. To powder her nose, she said. "That's it!" her date shouted with a grin. "What's it?"

"Where Margie is going . . . I mean what she is going to use. Can anyone think of a *more* useful invention?"

We had to admit we were stumped.

"All right then," he said, triumphantly. "The most useful invention is the one nobody talks about—at least not in mixed company!"

True, again. But not from lack of invention. There are probably more terms for it than for any other device; and if anyone has the urge, he can talk on the subject for hours without repeating himself. When you leave the room, in fact, you have the choice of going to the jerry, the john, the necessary, the commode, the chamber, the closet, the rest room—just to name a few. If you're the nautical type, you can go to the head or the roundhouse. If you like to show off your sophistication, you might want to use the *cabinet d'aisance*. And if you should feel especially coy, you can visit the little boy's room.

But even the euphemisms are not to be bandied about indiscriminately. One of the most innocuous, W. C., was responsible for comedian Jack Paar taking his much publicized vacation from that evening T.V. show.

No matter what you like to call it—if you like to call it anything at all, that is—the implement has been around a long, long time. Some of the earliest flushable machines were those developed by the ancient Cretans, an industrious race which was going strong 4,000 or so years ago and who also gave the world its first bull fight.

So far as anyone can tell, now, the most gorgeous rest-room in all of Crete was that located in the palace suite of the Queen.



YOUR NOSE!"

important invention in the evolution of mankind: the "john!"

Now, in Crete, apparently, the queen was definitely top banana. And this brings us to a sociological law which, I believe, has been overlooked so far by social scientists: You can tell who the real rulers of a country are by the style of their personal accommodations.

This law, which I am modestly willing to have named after me, could open up a whole new field of scholarly research. Of course it will take a little ingenuity on the part of the investigators—especially in regards to current affairs. Perhaps a researcher could pass himself off as a plumber in order to learn the hidden identity of the real political boss of a city, for example.

Certainly the most fabulous commodes in history were built for absolute monarchs. Louis XIV of France, who was called the incarnation of the Sun god and lived his life like he believed it, had over 260 conveniences placed in the palace at Versailles. His great grandson, Louis XV, had a bathroom masterpiece created in an Oriental style. It was done in black lacquer with inlaid mother-of-pearl borders surrounding a Japanese landscape scene created of gold and tinted relief. The interior was a strong shade of red, the fittings were of bronze and the seat was padded with a green, velvet-like fabric.

With such luxurious accommodations, it's no wonder that the commode was used for royal socializing as well as for its more functional purposes. Ambassadors, ministers of state, courtiers and the like might well hold an audience with the king when he was seated on a "throne" of a far different variety than the one you normally think of him upon. Nor did this hold true only for the male members of the French nobility. The famous Du Barry and Marie Antoinette often passed the time of day with their ladies-in-waiting while carrying out duties that would seem personal, to say the least.

But this type of "throne," for some odd reason, has always been a friendly, socializing sort of place, as any old Army or Navy man will recall. And it's an interesting fact that with all the murders that history records as taking place in the bathtub from Agamemnon on down, I can't think of a single one that took place while the subject was busy doing what comes naturally. And *Continued p. 64*





WRAPPED IN CELLOPHANE

Tissue paper may do for some items and
ribbons and bows may enhance others,
but when it comes to packaging charms
like Clara Barrie's, transparency's a
must. She's a girl who must be seen!

PACKAGING, according to Madison Avenue pundits, is the key to successful merchandising. Put the product in an attractive package, they claim, and the sales will soar. As a result of this thinking, the science of packaging has gone through various phases which include the glossy-paper kind of wrappings, the frilly ribbon appeal to buyers, the bold stripe decoration, the polka-dotty sales pitch and many others. The latest trend being followed by the hucksters is actually a retracing of their steps to the cellophane era which was at its height during the 1930s. Today packagers have rediscovered the value of cellophane and have once again come to appreciate the salesmanship implicit in letting a product be seen through transparent wrapping. The idea basically is to let the product sell itself. To demonstrate the theory, here's luscious Clara Barrie, all wrapped up in cellophane. Now, if all items were as attractive as Clara, you can bet your copywriter's desk that nobody would ever wrap them in anything but transparent packages. Where Clara's concerned, to be seen is to be appreciated. See?







FICTION

BY CONNIE SELLERS

Death Walks With a Wiggle

**Charlie was the kind
of man who lived with his
gun at the ready. But he
was also a man who had
an eye for beauty. And
that was his fatal error!**

WORD WAS OUT, and the job had an untidy feel. Charlie didn't like that; he preferred things neat.

He adjusted his tie, careful not to touch the collar. Some jobs just fell this way, and had to be finished anyhow. Leaving loose ends gave the trade a bad name, and could be fatal.

For Charlie was a killer.

He didn't care for the word, for its connotations of wild and savage assault. Charlie didn't work that way. He classified himself with surgeons, trained, deft—even artistic. Both removed sick and unwanted growths. For a price.

In a corner booth, Charlie sipped sherry with his left hand. The right thumb hooked casually over the first button of his suit. He looked at faces—feverish pleasure-seekers with slack-mouthed women. Only two counted, wary and pallid from living in the neon jungle.

The eyes of these two men ranged the room, restless, cataloguing. They flicked Charlie once and ignored him. He smiled, proud of his ability to be ignored. Conselmo's men were searching for a hired gun, and making the mistake all hoods made—picturing him as one of themselves.

Patiently, Charlie tasted his sherry. Muscle wasn't needed in this business; neither were heavy, noisy weapons. A .22 bullet placed unerringly in a vital spot was much neater, and just as effective.

The weapon hung now along his left side, its six-inch barrel snug to his ribs, flat grip unbulging. Charlie could put a bullet into a half dollar at thirty paces with that gun. When he found the man, Conselmo, who fitted the memorized photo, he'd put one into the right eye. A smokeless pop! and the clients would pay off for the hit. Neat and tidy.

Charlie ran over the list of places where Conselmo might be found: here at the Club Paradise; the big house in the suburbs; two

Cont. p. 66





LET'S PRETEND

Here Carole strikes the pose that brought so much fame to Jane Russell. Discovered by Howard Hughes, Jane went on to stardom.

ALONG THE HIGHWAY of glamor, certain poses stand out as markers of success like beacon lights to guide the ambitious beauty. These are the poses which have made today's glamor girls famous. They are the poses which first made the public focus on them and nod approval. Among them are the famous publicity shot of a new actress named Jane Russell posing in a haystack as part of the promotion campaign for the much-banned film, "The Outlaw," the dudsless, much discussed calendar pose of Marilyn Monroe, the fetching, fur-draped photo of Broadway newcomer Jayne Mansfield which attracted the eye of Hollywood talent scouts, and the much reproduced picture of starlet Vikki Dougan attending a party in a semi-backless dress which was responsible for launching her on a Hollywood career. To the girl in quest of a career, these poses and others like them symbolize success. Carole Dean is such a girl and her favorite daydreams find her picturing herself in such poses and projecting from them to a fabulous future. Here, she was given the opportunity to assume the poses for real and it's our bet that if those talent scouts have their eyes open, Carole's future may be just over the horizon. ●

An evening gown similar to this one brought nationwide attention to starlet Vikki Dougan when she was snapped in it at a H'wood party.



Certain specific poses have spelled

success with a capital S to

glamor queens. To the girl who wants

to follow in their footsteps,

striking such poses is a way of

pretending that success is

just around the corner. Carole

Dean is such a girl, but her

pretense might well become reality!



Famous Marilyn Monroe calendar pose is a favorite of Carole's. La Monroe is one of her idols and she'd like to copy her career-wise.

As fur-clad siren in a Broadway play, Jayne Mansfield became a star. So too, we believe, will Carole.



HECKLING THE HECKLERS



EVER SINCE the first Roman spectator yelled "Go, lion, go!" the gladiators of the entertainment industry have been coming up against hecklers and as a result have been keeping busy devising ways to keep from being thrown to the lions. Among today's nitery comics in particular, hecklers are a constant nuisance. Therefore the best among the comedians have developed squelch-lines like the following

In the wee hours of the morning, a heckler was constantly interrupting Joe E. Lewis when Lewis squelched him with:

"You must excuse him, ladies and gentlemen, he just had his head cleaned and blocked."

An angered dramatist button-holed a critic in Sardis restaurant and fulminated, "How could you sleep through the performance of my play?" With an air of urbane sophistication, the critic philosophised, "Young man, sleep is an opinion."

* * *

Morey Amsterdam's ad libs are legendary. He once expressed his displeasure with a band's accompaniment by suggesting to his audience, "I think we should all stand up and give that orchestra a round of ammunition." On another occasion he told a bore, "Why don't you go out and play in traffic?"



There was another time when Joe E. Lewis found himself facing a ringsider falling asleep on his act at three in the morning. He turned the moment into an explosion of cheers when he reflected:

"I don't mind your falling asleep, but at least say goodnight!"



Oscar Levant once told off a woman who was beginning to bore him: "You are the best argument in favor of homosexuality I ever heard of."

Jean Carroll let a lady lush have it with: "There's a girl you would like to take home to mother—her mother!"

* * *

Jack E. Leonard sent his audience into stitches when he annihilated an intruder with: "You've got a brain, but it hasn't reached your head!"



How leave out that incomparable wit, Milton Berle, who dropped this one into the audience:

"There are two things that hiss—a snake and a fool... Come forward and be identified."



Berle once was considerably piqued by one of those nuisances who let out a catcall, "I'll hold my breath for a minute if it will make you happy." The master quipped his opponent into submission with: "Why not hold your breath for ten minutes and make everybody happy?"



Martha Raye is no mean slouch at turning an awkward situation into victory. One night she told a listless, unappreciative audience at the Five O'Clock Club, "If I'd known you were going to be so quiet, I'd have invited you up to my room."



Comics are not always at war with dyed-in-the-wool hecklers. Sometimes they come face to face with their own kind, as witness what happened one night when Frank Fay starred at the Copa. At a ringside table sat Milton Berle with a grin from here to Hollywood. He surprised Fay with: "This is really going to be a battle of wits."

Frank Fay took careful aim and with flawless timing sent his audience into a paroxysm of laughter with:

"I want you to know its against my principles to fight an unarmed man."



Stacking a Deck With Queens

There's lots of exciting allure in
the cards for glamor fans when luscious
Sabine Demois antes up her charms!

“WHEEL ‘EM and deal ‘em” is the phrase they use to get the poker game off the ground in Las Vegas. “Ante up” is the more terse and practical phrase most apt to start a GI stud game. And “cut and deal” is the prosaic, to-the-point phraseology favored by professional gamblers to start the pasteboards circulating. All three phrases are typically American and so is the action which follows them. One can imagine what such action might erupt into if a player in an American poker game came up with nine queens. To call it murder would be mild. But in France they do things differently. First of all, girls have replaced cards in French-style poker. Secondly, the game is most likely to be tee’d off by an appreciative “Voila!” when the dealer gets a load of the loaded deck. And a loaded

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The cards spell out success
for French model Sabine. This
beauty is currently the top
poser for Parisian lensmen.





Slated to come to the U. S. soon, Sabine is anxious to be screen-tested for H'wood movies. Two companies have offered such tests.

Born in Normandy just 20 years ago, the French lovely came to Paris in 1959 and gained immediate acceptance as a glamor model. She's so well-known she's asked for autographs.



deck it is—loaded with queens, that is. Thirdly, just because it's loaded with queens, a hand containing nine queens would not be cause for eyeing the dealer with suspicion. As a matter of fact, when the nine queens all happen to be Sabine Demois, the dealer might well become a candidate for the *Croix de Guerre*—for strictly humanitarian reasons, of course. Cover girl Sabine is ACE's Gallic candidate for all-time queen of hearts for reasons which should be apparent to any French glamor-card player. But for those of you who are new to the game, let us elaborate: She's the biggest drawing card among the French glamor fans, always attracting the eye of the full house; she's made the photographers who snap her flush with profits on her pictures; and she's stacked with the kind of straight (albeit curvy) sex appeal that makes everybody call for more cards. Also, since she's planning on coming to the U.S. soon, this kind of Gallic glamor poker may become available in an Americanized version. If it does, remember, this queen is ACE-high! •



Ambitious to carve out a permanent career for herself, Sabine is studying dramatics, dancing and singing. Good diction, a clear soprano voice and natural sense of rhythm make her a star student.

Loaded as she is with allure and charm, a sure bet is that Sabine's deck is stacked for a future filled with fame and fortune.



BY RALPH BLAIR

ROMANCE ON A SHOESTRING

Presenting a low-budget program for would-be Romeos with sound advice on the most inexpensive ways to feed, house and gladden the heart of that willing woman!



"**M**Y WIFE," announced the portly stock broker gloomily, "doesn't care how many girls I shack up with, but if she ever found out I spent money on them, she'd murder me!"

On the lower financial levels, and among the lower echelon, the story is substantially the same. The five thousand dollar a year clerk who goes to jail because he dipped into the till to decorate some doll with mink and diamonds is as familiar to readers of the tabloids as the suburban triangle. The problem of how to have a girl without, so to speak, paying for her, is something that has absorbed an amazing number of tortured man hour thoughts.

"The cheapest way to keep a doll — literally and figuratively," advises one self-styled expert, "is to tell the girl you love her. Broads are so dumb that they'll do almost anything for a guy who swears he loves them."

On the whole, this is sage advice, but we feel it only fair to point out the pitfalls:

1. The girl might believe it.
2. You might even, in time, come to believe it yourself.
3. This leads to marriage, which has little or nothing to do with love.

In the interests, therefore, of the self-seeking male who is honest enough to admit he doesn't want to pay for what he gets, we have done a considerable amount of research



on the subject, and have worked out what might be called a "Cheap Schedule for Cheapskates."

Dating: The cheapskate (and these days who can afford not to be one?) starts out with one idea in mind: Before the night is out, he hopes to score with the girl. Many girls, conversely, start out with a different thought: Before the night is out, they hope to divest the male of as much money as possible and give as little as possible in return.

To keep dating cheap, the man

should make it clear from the beginning that he's operating on a budget. If he's married, his best approach is the simple and sincere one. "Darling, I'd like to take you to some terrific place, but you know my wife—that so-and-so knows every penny I spend, and if I can't account for my whole paycheck, I'm in the doghouse. So suppose we pick up some groceries and go to your place?"

If you've been careful of your selection of a girl in the first place, you should be rewarded by having her say, "Don't you bother about that, honey, I'll get us a steak and fix a salad and you just bring a bottle of wine."

The reason this approach might work is because, fortunately, females are quite dense in the romance department, and they seldom figure that the married man on romance bent is merely the predatory male bent on getting something for nothing.

If the girl lives at home, is encumbered by a husband, or bothered by curious roommates with a snide habit of returning to the apartment earlier than expected, the penniless young man on the prowl is immediately faced with another problem. "Where to go and how much will it cost me?" is a question which will occupy his thinking from the moment he asks for the date until the moment she purrs "yes."

Currently, (Cont. on next page)



ROMANCE ON A SHOESTRING

a movie called "*The Apartment*" depicts the rise of a young man who found that his apartment could serve as a temporary love nest for Romeos. It was so much in demand by his bosses that for each night of use, he received a raise. If you have a bachelor friend with an apartment, a bottle of liquor might do the trick. The availability of an apartment also saves you the trouble of overcoming the girl's reluctance to go to a hotel.

Most girls somehow don't feel they're really doing anything wicked if the background is the quiet, pleasant apartment of a friend. But when approached on the subject of going to a hotel, they're likely to draw themselves up with a show of dignity and outrage and say, "Why, I've never gone to a hotel with a man in my life!"

We might as well warn you right here that it will do no good for you to smile, or smirk, or remind her that just last week Joe Blow, down in Accounting, said he'd had the greatest evening of his life with her at a local hostelry. The thing to do is to say gravely (gravity, sincerity and gentleness are worth their weight in gold on these occasions), "Darling, I know you're not that kind of a girl, and I feel like a heel even to suggest such a thing to you. But I just want to be alone with you somewhere—somewhere where we can talk, be together—" If you're convincing enough, eventually she'll agree—providing she's at all willing in the first place.

The idea of a hired room having been agreed upon, the cheapest solution to the, "Where to go?" problem is a motel. This, however, indicates the possession of a car. Without a car, a night's lodging in a small, impersonal, big-city hotel can usually be had inexpensively. Also, it will save money to suggest to the girl, "I don't want to risk having anyone see us together, so why don't you eat first?"

In Hollywood, for instance, where most young actors are usually between engagements, the standard operating procedure is to call the

girl and say, "Hi, honey, have you had dinner yet?"

The girl replies eagerly, "Why, no, I haven't—" and the young man says, "Then suppose you go ahead and eat, and I'll pick you up about nine!"

Any variation of this formula may be used successfully on most girls. Reminding them of their figure problem is also helpful. "Let's skip dinner—food is so fattening and you have such a perfect figure—" convinces an amazing number of girls that you're flattering them instead of counting your pennies.

If you get past the obligation of buying the girl a meal, your cost for the evening shouldn't be more than seven or eight dollars. The final bit of advice is that, when putting the girl into a taxi, it often helps to say, "You're not the kind of girl to whom I'd give taxi money—unless, of course you want me to?" What girl, with the feel of her lover's kiss still warm on her mouth and the distant, dreamy strains of "The Wedding March" beginning to echo in her heart, would allow the man to think she was the kind of forthright, sensible girl who'd say, "You're damned right I'll take taxi money, you cheap jerk!"

This leads us to the second stage of the love affair. Now that the two of you have settled down to a nice, inexpensive mode of love, the man—unless he's a complete heel—begins to feel that he should bring the girl some small token of his affection. Here again, the sentimentality of most women involved in a love affair is a boon to the man.

"It's not a gift, honey, it's just a remembrance—" is one sure-fire way to solve the gift-giving problem. By implying in advance that the gift is just a cheap trinket, you prod her into being overly grateful.

High on the list of gifts—that-don't-cost-much are things brought back from vacations—"It's not much, but I just wanted you to know I was thinking of you—"; family jewelry, "It's not much but—" with a catch in your voice—"it was my moth-

er's—" and, finally, cheap imitation jewelry reminiscent of the engagement ring she thinks you'll someday give her. A zircon glows like a cat's eye and cost about ten dollars. "Someday, honey, I'll be able to give you a real diamond—" will bring tears to her eyes and hope to her heart. Years later, when she comes upon the rusting remembrance in her stocking box, she'll think of you with bitterness and hatred, but by that time, it won't matter, since some other poor sucker will have married her.

Fortunately for the wayward male, breach of promise suits have been outlawed so that gifts can no longer be presented in court as evidence of serious intentions and a trusting heart broken. We wish to caution, however, that the Mann act still operates and it not advisable to cross state lines in search of love or love-making. Also, any and all involvements with girls under the legal age of consent will bring the man to heel in suits charging statutory rape. So, before embarking on the final stages of a love affair, and reckoning the cost involved, these two unpleasant little laws should be borne in mind.

The final stage of the love affair is, of course, the permanent arrangement. "I want you to be my girl," usually, though not necessarily, rings the death knell for the inexpensive but pleasant love affair. With exclusivity goes an increase in the price of every commodity, and love is no exception.

The first thing the girl expects of such an exclusive arrangement is that the man will pay her rent. The best out for the, "I want it, but I don't want to pay for it" male is to look shocked. He may stare at the girl unbelievably, and then say, slowly, "Well, all right, if you're sure that's what you want—only, you know what that makes you, don't you?"

This final phase is easier, we might warn, if the man has been careful to build up the, "I want to be sure you love me" (Continued on p. 63)



Sticks Pick Slick Pix



"Sticks Nix Hick Pix" was

how Variety saw small towns'

reactions to corny films.

How the sticks have grown up

may be seen from pictures of

Helle Wingsoe appearing in many

Mid-West newspapers!

Winner of several local beauty contests in Southern Illinois, Helle's photo has been shown in papers as far away as Arizona.



Born and raised in a small town herself, she believes that folks in the sticks today are just as sophisticated as city people.

Recently, after a national ad agency had her pose for a series of beer ads, Helle's face and figure were also seen by country folk on highway billboards.



She has no particular desire to go to New York or Los Angeles to further pursue her career. "I'd much rather be a big frog in a little pond," she says.



If Variety's headline meant
small towners wanted the spice
of life, then here it is!





"Then we get back to the office and you start looking like sixty-five per again and Mr. Potter looks like the million."



In the all-out war against togetherness, it's not enough to merely be an individual. Aggressive action

*Let everybody say,
And say to your disgrace,
It was a perfect day
Until you showed your face!*

THE ABOVE embodies a philosophy that is definitely not designed for the faint at heart. It is a battle cry for the would-be standard-bearer of a fast-dying cause: *individuality*. Today's world revolves around a gooey, misleading sentiment that togetherness should be the goal of every man. Sociologists frantically prescribe get-together activities for all as a cure for the ills of society. Clothing manufacturers compound this horrendous

program by mass-producing he-she outfits intended to diminish the line of demarkation between the sexes. Builders erect monuments of identical houses set on identical lots on identical barren streets. There are only two possibilities for modern man. He can either go along with the trend, and be sucked into the quicksand of togetherness, or he can rebel. Rebellion, however, must be drastic. In order to escape the claws of well-meaning *together-ites*, he must be *impossible*. No one is going to demand that the self-made rotten apple be thrown into the group barrel.

The art of being *impossible* must

be carefully developed, since people today are psychology-minded. Any behavior short of the absolutely intolerable is forgiven on the grounds that there is a deep, psychological reason for it. One young man, engaged to a girl he did not particularly want to marry, and too much of a coward to come right out and say so, hit upon a novel approach. After considerable thought, he decided that the attitude that would brand him most *impossible* would be for him to assume the attributes of a husband. A devoted fiance might forgive drunkenness, gambling, drug addiction, or just plain meanness on the grounds that





is needed; action that will set the strong man apart as truly obnoxious. Here's how to de-group yourself!

she will reform him after marriage. But not even in her wildest fantasies does she picture herself married to an ordinary husband!

The young man stopped wearing a shirt and tie in her presence, and avoided shaving off his five o'clock shadow. He took her to the movies and promptly fell asleep. He escorted her to nightclubs with friends and spent the time discussing baseball scores and automobile transmissions with the men instead of dancing with her. He fumbled endlessly to light cigarettes for any woman within a twenty yard radius, but he handed her the book of matches when she asked for a light.

In restaurants, he argued with the waiter over the luxury tax when the bill was presented. He insisted that they walk or take a bus when a taxi would have been the most sensible form of transportation. The poor, bewildered girl, struggling to recapture some of the fading romance asked him to go away with her for a weekend. He was Satanically delighted.

The first evening away, she chatted on the moonlit terrace with somebody's grandmother while he lost twenty dollars playing poker with some college boys in the lounge. The next day at the pool she wore her new bikini, and his only com-

ment was that her legs needed a shave. Then he swam to the other side without her, and became deeply engrossed in a conversation with a sweet young thing who was just learning to swim. That night, he sat stoically at the dinner table, obviously aching to retire after a hard afternoon of horse-shoe pitching. The following morning she finally retired from the ring when she heard him place a long-distance call to his mother to tell her to have a good hot meal ready for his arrival home that night.

This young man obviously went to a great deal of trouble to achieve his ends by (Continued on next page)



HOW TO BE IMPOSSIBLE

being *impossible*, but such maneuvering isn't always necessary. Take, for example, the anti-togetherness male who has been invited to the home of his former college roommate for a jolly reunion of former campus chums. All he has to do in order to be *impossible* is drop all pretenses and be his naturally obnoxious self. He can start when the host tells him that they are all chipping in to buy some booze.

"Not me," he may demure pleasantly.

"Uh . . . you short on cash, old boy?" the host might delicately inquire.

"Not at all. Just happen to prefer my own brand. I brought my own." And he then produces a quart of his favorite imported Scotch, which he clutches meaningfully to his bosom.

The object of all college reunions is for each Old Grad to prove to the others how well he has done since graduation. Our hero has no such wild intention. He is going to be a listener, a silent "doubting Thomas" who inserts his chuckles after the most obviously exaggerated of the blustering statements have been made. He's equipped with a marvelous repertoire of clean jokes, which he tells only after the dirtiest eggs have been laid. He also has a good book along that he ostentatiously browses through when the going gets dull. When the evening is over, and he has made as many of his former "pals" uncomfortable as possible, someone is sure to suggest another rendezvous in the near future. Our man's response is honest.

"Why?" he says, and leaves.

Naturally it is easier for a man to be *impossible* with other men than with women, since women are usually smitten by the *impossible* variety of male. If a man is aggressive, a woman loves it because she finds it flattering. If he is shy, she adores the challenge of trying to draw him out. The only solution to his dilemma is for a man to be both. Supposing, on some enchanted evening, a man meets a woman at a party, and he wants to be *impossible*. For simplicity's sake, the characters in the

drama will be called Jack and Jill.

Jack: Hello, gorgeous, what's a lovely young thing like you doing hidden in a dark corner?

Jill (smiling): Just sort of watching the world go by.

Jack (dragging her by the arm): Well, come on over here in the light where I can get a good look at you! Oh! I see . . . Well, let's go back in this corner and we can talk!

Jill: I beg your pardon! I just happen to be waiting for my boyfriend. He went to get me a drink.

Jack: Yeah, heh, heh. He must be having a few to bolster his morale while he's gone.

Jill: May I compliment you on your good manners!

Jack: Oh, say, I'm sorry, honey. Don't take me seriously. My analyst keeps telling me I've got to get rid of this antagonistic aggressiveness.

Jill (sudden interest making her eyes sparkle): Your analyst? You poor boy. Do you have problems?

Jack: I'll say. I was rejected as a child. I have trouble assimilating. You know, associating with reality.

Jill: I understand. Tell me about yourself.

Jack: Some other time, sweetie. My girl is giving me the high sign to get ready to dance. Don't take any wooden nickles!

And he's off to greener pastures. Of course, he could have continued on the same tack indefinitely if the girl looked better in the light!

Of all surroundings designed to give the male the advantage when it comes to being *impossible*, the most obvious is the office. Here a man can run barefoot through a bevy of unsuspecting receptionists and typists with no difficulty at all. John Doe, Jr. is a typical example. He is a junior executive in a busy sales office. Since no one knows his background, he confesses to his boss' secretary that he secretly owns a major portion of the company stock. Then he gently hints that he is in the market for marriage. From there on in, it is his ballgame. They work late together when the office is empty, and he drags out the forbidden shaker of Martinis to make

the work load seem lighter. He takes her out to dinner later on petty cash, and drives her home. Fadeout.

The following morning, with raised eyebrows forbidding any familiarity, he reduces her again to her proper position. He has won a staunch supporter to sing his praises to the boss, and she is in a state of awe-struck silence concerning his connections with the firm. He's in.

Of course, there are many opportunities to be *impossible* where no effort whatsoever is required. The setting is superb in a movie theatre, for example. There it is advisable to arrive in the middle of a crucial scene, disturb the other members of the audience by having difficulty getting settled in the proper seat, and once entrenched, rattle candy wrappers mercilessly. It is always best to be accompanied by a stupid, hard-of-hearing friend, who must have all the dialogue from the screen repeated and interpreted in loud whispers. The same procedure may be followed for a stage play. During a concert, off-key humming is helpful. The trouble with being *impossible* in this particular field is that it is already so crowded with successful veterans that the variations are limited.

There are many performers around today who provide excellent insight into the art of being *impossible*. Oscar Levant, witty, sour-faced musical genius, is a model worth emulating. Many are the fascinated TV watchers who deplore his frankly *impossible* attitude, but watch him just the same. Alexander King, artist, writer and story-teller is another *impossible* "great," often deplored for his supreme egotism, but envied by millions.

The true secret to being *impossible* lies in the approach. Togetherness demands a strict adherence to the rule: Always act in a manner that will benefit the other guy. To be an individual, to be *impossible*, a man must attack life with a negative approach. That is, he must refuse to conform to any rules that do not directly benefit himself!

That's how to be *impossible*! •



"I suppose you two realize the penalty for litterbugging!"

FICTION

To some the bordello teaches virility,
and to others manhood. There's a difference
between the two—a subtle difference!

BY MORTON J. GOLING

A black and white photograph of a man and a woman in a bordello. The man, on the right, is shirtless, wearing only a red cloth wrapped around his waist. He has a mustache and is looking towards the woman. The woman, on the left, is wearing a white, possibly lace, dress and is looking back at him. The background is dark and indistinct.

THE MAKING OF A MAN

SOME TIME AGO I read a novel in which the narrator wrote that there were two worlds in his childhood. One he recalled as a bright world consisting of his family, his close friends and the warm safety of home. Outside this circle of light lay a darker world which he compared to a jungle where unknown danger lurked like a hungry beast.

I mention this passage because it struck such a strong and familiar chord with me. All through my childhood and into my teens I felt the same dichotomy of bright and dark worlds. Then, one day, something caused me to question my whole concept and wonder about the people who inhabit both worlds.

There were four of us in my family. My father was an insurance broker who specialized in fire, theft and accident policies. At home, he was a figure of stern authority, ruling the family with iron justice. My mother was a short, plump, submissive person who was most comfortable in the role assigned to her: that of carrying out her husband's wishes while keeping her children as content as possible.

My only sister was two years older than I. Physically, she took after my father. She was tall, dark-complexioned and, from the time she reached puberty, popular with boys. She would have been even more popular, doubtless, if it weren't for the close watch my parents kept on her social life. All her dates had to be inspected personally by my father. Before they passed muster, she had to come up with a full report on their home life, their family and background. Long before she was old enough to consider marriage, my parents held long sessions with her where they minutely described the sort of man she could eventually become engaged to.

Though I was the youngest, I was allowed more freedom than my sister or, for that matter, even my mother. Where they had to account for every moment of a free afternoon for instance, it seemed only natural that a boy would vaguely drop in at a friend's house or spend several hours playing football in the park. And when I began to go with girls, my father's questions did not have the same probing quality they took on with my sister.

It was this extra freedom that caused me to recognize the two opposing worlds. Life at home represented order and symmetry. While I resented the rules, they still symbolized a right and a wrong that were as steadfast and solid to me as the massive furniture and ornate carpeting that decorated our house.

Away from home, however, the world seemed unsure and changing. It was populated, I felt, by *were-men*, beasts who put on the disguise of human beings. I saw these creatures everywhere. They waited with mocking certainty to pounce on some unwary visitor from the bright world, for we, with our shiny brushed teeth, our neat clothes and our well-scrubbed faces, were their natural prey.

Whenever I passed through this dark world I was terrified, and yet it exerted a fascination on me that haunted my daydreams.

Once, while walking with my sister, we passed a gang of older boys who undressed her with their eyes and sent rude, obscenities winging our way. We ran off in fear, but for months I could not get their faces out of my mind.

Another time I was leaving a movie by myself when a woman approached me with a suggestion that was actually brutal in its frankness. I felt my face burn with shame at the paralysis which stymied my suppressed but aching desires.

Or again I was alone when a group of four or five girls sauntered by. They snickered pointedly to themselves while they measured me with their eyes. Though not a word passed between us, I felt as if I had been lashed with whips and left enervated and unmanned.

As I became more aware of the two worlds, I noticed a curious thing at home. My father, though so strongly entrenched in our world of light, was forced by his business to deal with the jungle creatures. He did not need to invade their world himself, however. He had a group of friends who, while basically belonging to us, could cross over to the jungle and meet the *were-men* on their own terms.

One of the closest of these was a theatrical booking agent named Clyde Durant who specialized in placing musical acts. Through him my father was able to write policies on many of the big-name bands that were so popular at the time.

Durant lived on the fringes of our world, near the borders of the jungle. When he and his wife would appear at our house for dinner and a game of bridge, my father would tease him gently about the out-world people he knew. And he, laughing in self-defense, would tell tall tales of gamblers and gangsters, chorus girls and gun-molls.

Durant became my ideal. I thought of him as a secret agent, a master adventurer who could, if he wished, show me the safe paths and trails through the jungles.

He was aware that I admired him, though he didn't know the reason. Sometimes I was able to get him to talk about the people he met in his work.

"They're all right," he said once. "But you can't take them too seriously. You can't let yourself get affected by them. When they tell me their problems, I listen. But I can't tell them my problems, because they wouldn't understand. It's people like your father and mother who understand the important things."

I was about fifteen and a half when Durant first talked to me about girls. He asked me how I got along with them, and I didn't know how to answer. Truthfully, I was not very popular. The nice girls—the bright world girls—I took decorously to dances or movies and bade them goodnight at the front door with a handshake or a brush against the cheek. My sexual desires were centered around the girls from the jungle world, but my fear was too strong for me to attempt anything.

My silent confusion must have told Durant what he wanted to know, for he said if he could trust me implicitly he would do me a favor.

"What?" I asked him.

"First, you must promise not to tell anyone. Your parents, your sister, anyone. Do you promise?"

"Yes."

"All right. I'll give you the name and phone number of a woman who will arrange things for you. Do you understand?"

"Yes. But why are you doing . . . ?"

"Because you have reached the age where this sort of experience will be good (Continued on next page)

THE MAKING OF A MAN

for you. You are an intelligent boy. You must know why it is important for you to have this sort of experience now."

The thrill of excitement I got when I thought about going to a bawdy house was not merely due to the idea of having sex for the first time. This was to be a field trip to the very depths of that dark world which so frightened, yet enthralled me. It was to be an adventure without real danger, a safe and protected journey under the aegis of Durant.

I decided to make my journey in disguise, using a false name. The patronymic I chose was Hale, after the first great American spy. I picked George for my first name. It had a solid sound to it and was the name of kings. I hoped that some of the magic of kings would rub off on me.

The woman whose name Durant had given me was Mrs. Watson. She was thin and bespectacled with a spinsterish, almost a schoolteacherish air. To her apartment in the East Fifties, attractive, healthy prostitutes came to meet her extensive list of clients. All I can remember, now, about the physical layout is that it was tastefully furnished and that a copy of the New York Times Book Review section invariably rested on a low coffee table.

On my first visit, Mrs. Watson introduced me to a tall blonde girl named Donna. For a few minutes she stayed with us, making small talk while Donna and I sat on the livingroom couch. Then she left, telling me not to be shy. "Put your arm around her," she said. "Act like you would if you were out on a date."

I tried to take Mrs. Watson's advice. My hand found Donna's shoulder blade and examined it beneath her skin. I could not bring my fingers to wander anyplace else. Finally, Donna led me into the bedroom.

I watched the girl's body reveal itself as she took off her clothes and indicated I should do the same. She was slim and small-breasted. She showed no concern at her own nudity, as if unconscious of the vulner-

ability of all persons of her sex.

"Well," she said. "Now we're all ready."

"Yes." I was not so much frightened of her as I was in awe of the jungle quality I saw in her.

"Tell me. Are you very excitable?"

"What?"

"I have all sorts of fun-things I can do, but we don't want anything to happen ahead of schedule, do we?"

I shook my head, managing a grin.

"All right. Then, how about this?"

I had to act casual, confident. I had a different name, I was somebody named George Hale. This was George Hale's world and he could throw himself into it without hesitation or fear.

As George Hale, I visited Mrs. Watson's many times. Looking back on it today, after having visited many bordellos in many countries, I'd say that she ran one of the best places of its kind I know of. It was clean and quiet, and the girls were well equipped to give a male anything he could ask for.

But what can a reasonable man ask for in a prostitute? Certainly not love. A whore is a businesswoman. She is as shrewd and unsentimental as a clerk in a state unemployment office. But a skilled whore, like any good professional, will take pride in her work and give value for value received.

What a prostitute has is an expertise in sex that other women lack. If a woman you love should sleep with you, she will demand that you make love to her and thrill her even as she thrills you. But a good whore expects nothing of the sort. She, herself, will remain unaffected while she uses her talent to plumb a man's sexual nature to its depths. She will concentrate wholly on his eroticism.

I did not know this when I visited Mrs. Watson as a boy, however. I was young and thought only that I was finding sex in the dark jungle.

About eight months after my first visit, Mrs. Watson introduced me to a woman I had not met before. She was about thirty-two with a quiet face, full breasts and hips and a

narrow waist. Her legs were slender.

"I'm sure you two will get along," Mrs. Watson said. "George is a good friend of the Durants."

The woman looked startled. "He won't tell them he met me here, will he?"

"No. Of course not." Mrs. Watson looked upset by the fact that she had given me the information and hastened to reassure the girl. "George is a good boy. You won't say anything," she said to me. "Will you?"

"No."

Helen and I went into the bedroom. I looked on curiously as she undressed.

Since that first time I had grown more frank about gazing at the girls when they were naked. I enjoyed comparing their bodies in my mind, they were all so similar yet different. I grew curious about women I met in the street and wondered how they would look exposed to my merciless stare.

"You won't tell, will you" she said, kneeling naked to help me off with my clothes.

"Won't tell what?"

"The Durants. See, we were friends. I . . . knew them once . . . I . . ."

For the first time I realized she was asking, pleading, to be taken seriously. Her. As a human being.

It was with a kind of astonished awe that I saw she was in fear of me. I was almost unable to grasp it. This woman in her thirties: mature, hardened by her life in the jungle world, was frightened by a mere boy of sixteen from the soft world of light. And yet it was true. Her nude body, looking more nakedly exposed, even, than a woman's usually does, cried terror from every element.

"No. I won't tell," I said again.

"You promise?"

"I promise."

She stood up. Relief replaced fear. "Come here and I'll show you how sweet things can be."

And she did. In gratitude, maybe, or maybe hoping to instill a sense of gratitude in me. Whatever the reason, I had never known such sensation before. (Continued on p. 60)



THE JOKER'S GEMS

The rain was pouring down in buckets as the firing squad marched the prisoner to the place where he was to be executed. "What a miserable, dismal day for a man to die on," moaned the prisoner.

"You should complain," answered one of the guards. "We have to march back in this."

* * *

"We had to have poor Rover shot," George sadly told Oscar.

"Was he mad?" Oscar inquired.

"Well," George said acidly, "he wasn't exactly overjoyed about it."

* * *

It could only have happened at Grossinger's. The steady customer, a plump matron in her 40s was suddenly stricken with a heart attack. The doctor said there was no hope and her family crowded tearfully around her bed to bid her goodbye. With a tremendous effort, she

opened her eyes and spoke her last words: "Goodbye. I'm going. I'm dying, cha-cha-cha."

* * *

The new bridegroom was sitting in a bar the morning after the wedding and tossing 'em back like Prohibition was just around the corner. A friend came in and spotted him and asked what the trouble was.

"It's awful," the groom explained, downing another shot. "I woke up this morning and from force of habit I pulled a twenty-dollar bill out of my wallet and stuck it under the pillow—like I was single."

"That's not so bad," said the friend. "Maybe your wife is mad now, but she'll get over it. No sense your tying one on about it."

"That's not why I'm tying one on," the new hubby explained, reaching for the bottle again. "You don't understand. What's so horrible is that half asleep as she was, she gave me ten dollars change!"

The visitor at the nudist colony was intrigued by one inhabitant who had a beard all the way down to his knees. "How come the beaver?" he wanted to know.

"It's this way," the bearded man explained, "somebody has to be able to go out for coffee."

* * *

Mortimer was ailing and his doctor advised him to take a long rest in Miami. The rest came too late, though. He'd been there two months when he had a sudden heart attack and died. His corpse was shipped back home for burial and his wife and a friend went to the funeral parlor to pay their last respects to Mortimer in his coffin.

"He sure looks at peace, doesn't he?" Mortimer's wife sniffed.

"Yes," the friend agreed. "But why wouldn't he? After two months in Miami?"

* * *

Mrs. Heppelmyer came home from her mah-jong game to find hubby George packing his bags.

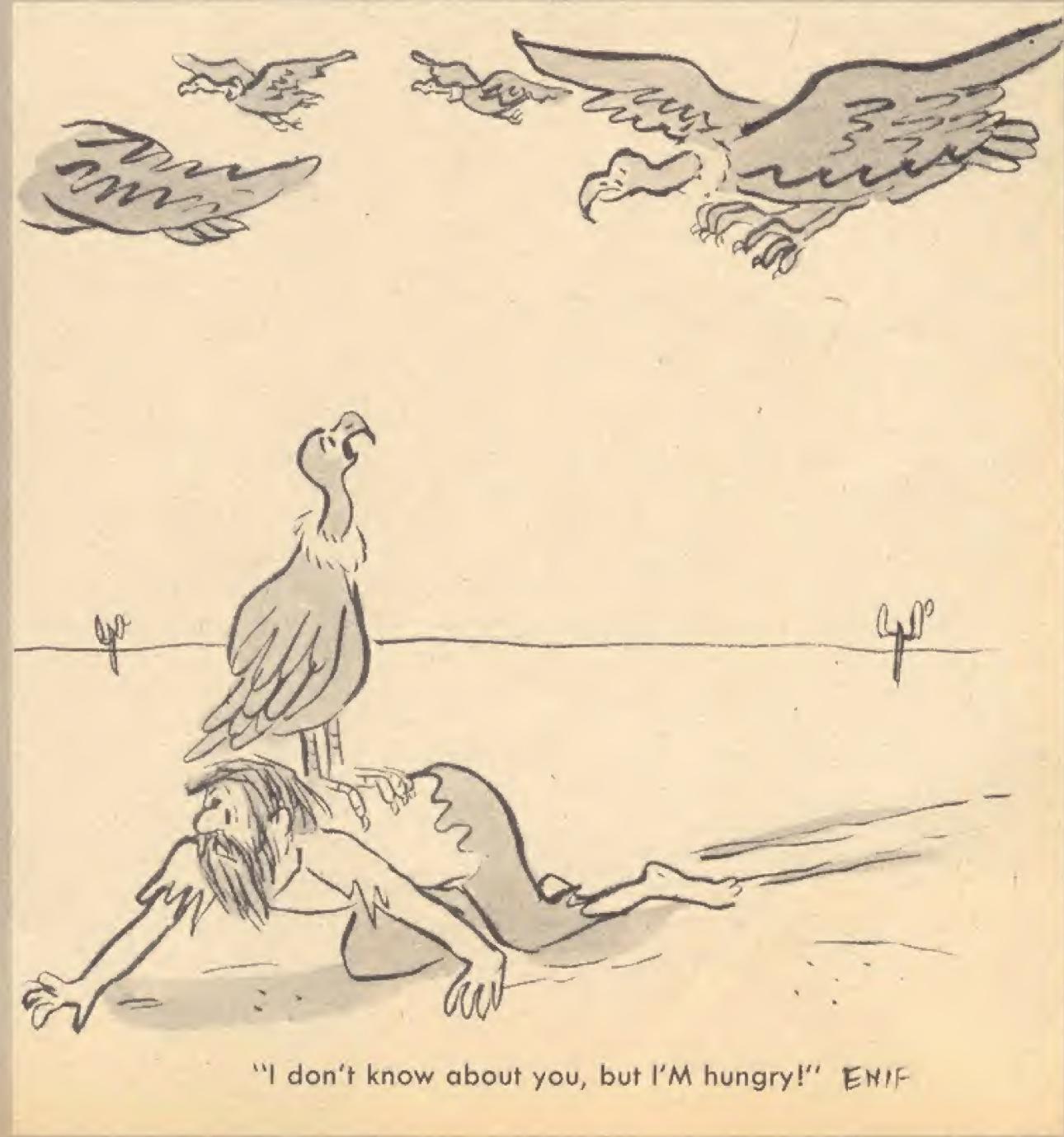
"Where do you think you're going, you oaf?" she asked him.

"I'm leaving you," he informed her. "I'm going to Iceland. There's a tremendous shortage of men there and male prostitutes are in demand. They get \$20 a throw. That's the life for me."

His wife burst into laughter.

"And what's so funny?" he asked.

"I just got a picture of you trying to live on \$40 a month," she giggled.



"I don't know about you, but I'M hungry!" ENIF



THE TOP TEN

During the coming year a showgirl will have to have



Debbie Carroll's gimmick is to kid the audience. With appeal such as hers, they love it.

Slave-girl chains are the props around which popular exotic Pixie Lynn builds her routine.

EXOTICS FOR 1961 ...

something besides beauty to hit the top niteries. She'll need originality and zest, like these sizzlers!



Basic rhythmic savagery keynotes tempestuous Jada's act. It's wild and torrid.



Backstage in her dressing-room, top exotic Scarlett O'Hara considers new angles.

PULCHRITUDE is flourishing in niteries across the country and the art of the exotic dance is flourishing along with it. From New York's Latin Quarter to L.A.'s Sunset Strip, top torrid terpsichoreans have developed new acts utilizing new gimmicks, new angles, new twists to delight night club customers and glamor fans across the country. Where once it used to be enough for an exotic to just doff her duds, or toss her torso, the 1960s have refined and developed the art until it represents originality in showmanship. As the 1961 season opens, there are many girls around who amply demonstrate this showmanship. Tops among them are the ten girls featured here. So, on with the show!





Progressive jazz sets the mood and provides the background for Anna Louise Pablo's act.

The tantalizing appeal of her native Paris background is in every onstage motion of voluptuous Rene Andre.



Ever-popular Lilly Ayres conveys an old-world elegance in her night club routine.



Tassels and frills are put to good use by June Allen in a dance that has top appeal.

It should be quite a year with
shapely exotics like Ann Rivers to
give it a sizzling '61 start!





In print Frank Harris

scandalized the world, in

society he scandalized

all who came in contact with

him, and in the boudoir,

he scandalized even himself!

Such was the man that

no woman was able to resist!

The World's Greatest Lover

BY CHARLES V. NEMO

AS THE OLD MAN sat drowsing in his chair on the beach at Nice, a lovely young Juno strolled by in a scant bathing suit that revealed to perfection every voluptuous line in her body. Instinctively the heavily-veined eyes flicked open, lingered momentarily on the alluring young female body, then wearily closed again. He muttered something beneath his breath.

"What is it, Frank?" his wife asked solicitously.

"Nothing, nothing, my dear," he wheezed. Tears burning in his eyes, he reached blindly for the aperitif on the table beside him, gulped it down and slumped back into the chair. His nerveless fingers released their grip on the glass; it rolled into the sand.

At the age of 75 this life-long lecher and international tomcat, author of a five-volume autobiography so outrageously candid, scandalous and pornographic that it is still banned in almost every civilized nation of the world, suddenly had discovered that he was dead. That night he wrote his own epitaph:

"There is an end of time, and an end of the evil thereof; when delight is gone out of thee, and desire is dead, thy mourning shall not be long..."

Frank Harris was many things to many men. To some he was the most colorful, flamboyant and controversial figure of his times, a genius who squandered his considerable talents in constant pursuit of the tawdry, the sordid and the second-rate. To others he was an unprincipled scoundrel, liar, cheat, literary fraud, swindler and blackmailer whose life was "a monument of profligacy, sexual swagger and distortion."

But to the women who crossed his path he was the most sensual, sexually attractive, virile male they'd ever met. A little gamecock of a man barely five feet five inches in height, with a dark, tough, ugly face, big ears and a bushy imperial mustache, he was endowed with a veritable foghorn of a voice which reached two tones lower than the written scale. As one woman put it:

"His great voice penetrated you, vibrated inside you, and his boldness, the swift stroke toward the very heart of you, got you in its grip. From there on you were hypnotized, there wasn't much choice..."

"Rape?" his voice would boom out at a brilliant gathering of London elite. "Any sensible woman would relax and enjoy it!"

"Homosexuality," he would roar at a fashionable dinner party. "No, I know nothing of its joys. My friend Oscar Wilde no doubt can tell you all about it."

This at a time when respectable people recoiled from any mention of sex as from the devil, and Oscar Wilde was considered to be the devil in the flesh. Harris not only used such words—and worse—to shock, he used them as a short-cut to seduction.

In "My Life and Loves," he unblushingly admits that he was one of the great lovers in history. And he names names, cites spicy details in obscene words in chapter after chapter of the five volumes, to prove it.

He reveals that he first discovered sex at the tender age of five. Stealing into his nurse's room early one morning, he sur- (Continued on page 70)



THE PASSIONATE NAME-DROPPER

(Continued from page 9)

berets, the shouting and passion, the clouds of cigarette smoke and clink-clink-clinking of wine glasses which passed for the Bohemian life at Pinaro's. Under one arm she hugged to her hip an artist's sketchbook and a biographical folio on Gauguin which contained color reproductions of some of his work.

Beside her one of the writers slammed his fist on the bar loudly and shouted. "Sartre! A fool! Not to be mentioned in the same breath with Camus. Next you'll be quoting Gide and saying the limp wrist is the ultimate reality of non-existence!"

The girl stepped back from this fervent outburst and turned away from it. The result was that her bosom pressed warmly against Wallace's shoulder. "They're awfully excitable, aren't they?" she said to him.

"Yes." He smiled. "If you believe something, you always get excited when you talk about it. At least most people here do."

"And does he believe in what he's saying that strongly?"

"Right now he does. Tomorrow—who knows?"

The girl frowned thoughtfully for a moment and then a smile chased the frown from her lips. "You're a philosopher, as well as an artist."

"Hardly that—but how did you know I was an artist?"

"It's written on your face." She was teasing him.

Wallace blushed—a habit which went back to his pre-Village days, but one which he'd never been able to overcome. To cover his confusion, he asked if he might buy her a drink.

"White wine, please," she accepted.

He glanced at her folio and asked if she was an art student. She said she was and they embarked on a discussion of techniques and lighting and the mixing of colors. Wallace found the talk elementary, and he might have been bored if the girl, hadn't hung on his every word with such intent admiration. He almost had the feeling that she was filing away his opinions mentally, making a conscious effort to memorize his words.

"Look here," he said with a laugh after awhile, "what I'm saying isn't gospel, you know. I mean, you mustn't take me too seriously. These are just my opinions."

"That's just why they're important, because they are your opinions," she said warmly. Her eyes looked deeply into his and in them he saw admiration and respect.

These weren't things Wallace was used to arousing in women and for one of the very few times in his life, his ego soared. Also, the idea passed

through his mind that he might make love to this girl. If he did, it would be the first really top-rate woman with whom he'd ever scored.

They resumed the conversation, discussing the subtle differences between abstract, surrealist and impressionist art. Wallace was trying to get across a particularly obscure point and groping for words. He did

the best he could and then asked, "Do you see what I mean?"

"I'm not sure." The girl wrinkled her forehead in confusion.

"If you'd care to go up to my studio," Wallace said, his heart pounding faster, "I think I could demonstrate the point exactly."

The girl considered it a moment. "All right," she said finally.

Wallace's studio was devoted more to art than to comfort. But it did have a hot-plate and a sofa—and a



THE MAKING OF A MAN

(Continued from page 52)

I did keep my promise. But I never saw Helen again. As far as I was concerned, she had dropped out of Mrs. Watson's circle as though she had never been in it.

For a long while I couldn't think about Helen without my whole concept of rightness and order spinning dizzily. If a jungle creature could be so frightened, I thought, perhaps there was no such thing as a jungle world or being hardened in a jungle world. Perhaps all people are joined together; not by love, perhaps, but by bonds of fear and apprehension.

The jungle, I came gradually to feel, is merely a place where a man or a woman is not. To every human being, other human beings are in the jungle. My father may well have thought of Durant as in the jungle.

Durant, in turn, felt that the gangsters and chorus girls he met in his work were in the true dark world. And the girls at Mrs. Watson's, with their well-run, drop-in seraglio, surely thought of the street-corner hustler as a jungle creature.

Helen's self-respect was a thin wall, easily pierced by a stray word or a knowing look from Durant. Yet it was that wall which held back her personal jungle from invading her own bright world.

And my own self-respect? I don't know . . . but perhaps I found it somehow between the sheets at the bawdy house.

bed. The rest of the area was taken up with paints and brushes and two easels and blank canvases and paintings on which he was still working. The girl was impressed—that was obvious. She listened raptly as he used one of his paintings to illustrate the point he'd been trying to make back at *Pinaro's*.

When he stopped talking, she repeated his words softly to herself. And then she looked at him and her eyes reflected an opinion of his importance that was way out of perspective. Also the look told him something else. It told him that he was in complete command of the situation.

Wallace put his arms around the girl and kissed her. She came to him willingly—eagerly. Her body was soft and pliable as he guided her to the sofa; it responded avidly to his caresses. And after awhile he led her to the bed...

If she'd been docile to his advances, she proved just the opposite during the act itself. She was a furious bundle of teeth and nails and unexpected muscles. And as they reached the crest of passion together, a scream tore from her throat—once, twice, three times:

"Antoine!" she cried. "Antoine! Antoine!"

It wasn't until quite a while later that the echo of it in Wallace's ears roused his curiosity. Who the hell, he wondered to himself, is Antoine? He turned to the girl at his side. She was sleeping, breathing softly, a half-smile on her lips, contentment in the relaxed, graceful sprawl of her body. *Maybe her first love*, he thought, *or her most stirring one*. *Perhaps the hero in a book she's read, or her name for an unattainable ideal, her own personal Prince Charmer of Never-Never Land*. Well, it didn't really matter. No sense letting it bug him, Wallace thought. *She was the best that he'd ever had, or that was every likely to come his way. Make the most of it*. And on that thought, Wallace went to sleep.

The sun was blazing through the studio skylight when the stirring of the girl beside him woke Wallace. "Hello there," he greeted her, smiling at her tousled, sleepy look.

"Hi." Remembrance chased awareness across her features and a faint flush accompanied both. "Good morning," she said a little lamely and broke off a giggle by burying her face in his chest.

Wallace stroked her bare shoulder, recognizing her embarrassment and wondering what to do about it. Desire stirring anew within him provided the answer. The nature of his caress changed from being comforting to being demanding and her confusion vanished in her response.

Once again he marvelled at the intensity of her passion. And once again there was that disturbing note

at the moment she cried out:

"Antoine! Oh, Antoine, Antoine!"

Some time passed, during which Wallace again heard the name shouted and again experienced the passion which accompanied it, during which there was the half-dozing of the spent and finally the hunger for food which is the aftermath of the satisfying of the other hunger. Wallace remembered that he was a host as well as a lover. "How about some breakfast?" he asked the girl.

She looked at the noon sun beating on the skylight. "Lunch would be more like it."

"Coffee and tuna-fish sandwiches okay?"

"Sounds delicious." She stretched languorously.

Wallace busied himself opening cans and putting the coffee on the hot-plate. When everything was ready, he arranged a tray and brought it to the girl in bed. "Breakfast in bed for Milady?" he asked. He smiled to himself at the demure way she arranged the bedclothes to cover her nakedness while she ate. He sat on the edge of the bed and sipped his coffee, enjoying the sight of the little-girl greediness with which she attacked the food.

His joy in her was complete—except for that nagging echo of "Antoine! Antoine!" He had the feeling that he should forget about it, that mentioning it might be reviving an old wound, might in some subtle way interfere with what promised to be a delicious affair. On the other hand, it was annoying him and he knew it would go on annoying him. Perhaps it was better to have it cleared up from the start.

"Who," he asked the girl delicately between gulps of coffee, "is Antoine?"

"I beg your pardon."

"Who is Antoine?" Wallace repeated.

She stared at him.

He put down his coffee cup, swallowed a bit of sandwich and enunciated distinctly. "I said, 'who is Antoine?'"

"Why—why you are!" Her eyes were very big. "Aren't you?"

"Well, no—My name is—"

"Aren't you Antoine?" There was a note of hysteria in her voice.

He shook his head.

"Aren't you Antoine DeBouille?" Her tone was shrill now, her face dead-white.

"No. What made you think I was? What—" Wallace stopped talking and watched in amazement.

Without another word the girl put her coffee cup on the tray and pushed the tray to the side of the bed. Then she quickly got out of the bed, all modesty at her nudity seemingly thrown to the winds, and stalked over to the sofa where her clothes were strewn. Ignoring him, she began dressing.

"I don't understand," Wallace said. "Would you mind explaining what the devil—?"

She dressed quickly, not deigning to answer him. When she was finished, she strode firmly to the door. She opened it and paused in the doorway, looking at Wallace coldly, seeming to grope for something devastating to say. Evidently she couldn't think of anything. After a moment of staring at him with eyes that more rightly belonged over a pair of duelling pistols, she turned on her heels and slammed the door behind her.

Wallace's jaw hung open for a long time after she was gone. At first he could make no sense out of it at all. Then, slowly, he began to put the pieces together. Still, the explanation he came up with was only a partial one. It wasn't until a week later at *Pinaro's* that he understood completely.

Wallace hadn't been in *Pinaro's* since the night he met the girl. In a welter of frustration, he'd sublimated his projection of the love affair that might have been in an orgy of work. He'd painted furiously for a week, not leaving his studio. Finally he'd worn himself out, his fingers had grown stiff with the brush, his mind had voided itself of ideas and he'd fled to *Pinaro's* in a rage at his own impotency, the impotency that made him less than God on canvas.

Three quick beers dulled the feeling. He drank the fourth one more slowly and was glad when Roger Baldwin came along to distract him. "Greetings from the barfly bard to the one true artist," said Roger, sliding in beside him.

Roger was a self-styled Village poet, but his real career was that of being a "character." In his peculiarly truthful way, he realized this. He cheerfully admitted that he was a poet who never put pen to paper and entertained other verbally in Village ginmills in exchange for the drinks he could cadge. "Barfly bard" was his usual manner of referring to himself, so Wallace ignored it. But he didn't ignore the other part of his greeting.

"Why call me 'the one true artist'?" he asked. "There are lots of true artists around here and most of them are more successful than I am."

"Success means nothing and we both know it. You are, friend Wallace, the only one around who places art above all—at least the only one that I know. You place it above liquor and tea—and even above sex."

"I don't know about that—"

Roger ignored his protests. "Take DeBouille over there." He gestured towards the bar. Wallace looked and saw Antoine DeBouille surrounded by his usual coterie of admirers. He was holding forth on the theory of

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BERNARD OF HOLLYWOOD

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the artist having an obligation to separate himself from his time.

"He's an excellent artist," Wallace said, firmly pushing back the resentment the name brought to his mind. After all, it wasn't DeBouille's fault. "And he's not a phoney," he told Roger.

"Not a phoney, no, but he doesn't have your dedication. Once I thought he did, but now I know he doesn't."

"What makes you say that?"

"Because he has succumbed to that most pernicious and heady of drugs, womanly admiration—spiced, presumably, with a liberal amount of sex. Ah, these she is; see what I mean?"

Wallace's eyes followed Roger's pointing finger towards the entrance to Pinaro's. She stood framed in the doorway, her eyes searching the crowd. Then they focused on DeBouille and her face lit up. She made directly for him. *It figures.* Wallace thought to himself.

"She is beautiful — and perhaps worth it," Roger observed. "But when youth and sex and admiration fly in the window, art creeps out the door. Did you not find it so?"

Wallace shrugged. "Why ask me? But I'll agree that she is beautiful—and well worth whatever paltry price art may fetch."

"But if you feel that way, why did you give her up?"

"How did you know—?"

"In a moment, but first answer my question. Why did you give her up if not for art?"

"I didn't. She gave me up. Now tell me how you knew about us?"

"I saw her with you that first

WAR ON SACRED COWS

(Continued from page 14)

The movie is based on the books of Stephan Potter whose theme is how to win without being caught cheating. If you don't get one up on the other fellow, the picture points out, he is sure to get one up on you.

Ian Carmichael takes the role of a mild-mannered, decent young man who always gets the worst of every deal. He not only is a perfect patsy for car salesmen, but has his girl stolen from him by the flashy Terry Thomas who also makes him look ridiculous on the tennis court. To counteract this, Carmichael en-roles in the "College of Lifemanship" which promises to separate the winners from the losers in the game of life. There he learns the art of Woomanship, or how to get a woman to do what he wants; Gamesmanship, or how to beat a better player than himself and One-upmanship, or how to get the best of his fellow man. At the end, though, he falls in love with the girl he practices Woomanship on and backslides into sincerity.

night she came down here," Roger explained. "As a matter of fact, I was talking to her before she joined you. I spotted her for what she was right away. One of those children who seek out the famous in the hope that some talent, some genius will rub off on them. And then, when I saw her leave with you, I thought that I must have been wrong."

"I don't quite follow—"

"Well, you see, this naive passion flower had asked me to point out the famous artist Antoine DeBouille to her. And so I did. But when I saw her attach herself to you, I realized that you had stepped between Antoine and my pointing finger. I knew of course, that it would only be a matter of moments before she discovered her mistake and I thought that she would surely desert you then. Imagine my pleasure when I saw the two of you leave together. I thought to myself that a rapport had grown up between you two which surmounted her childish attraction to success."

"But I was disillusioned the next night. She was here, rubbing up against DeBouille, making an obvious play for him. But you were nowhere to be seen. And so I concluded that you were a true artist, that you had given her up as a distraction which the true artist can't afford. Still, I envied you the possession of her body. She must have been magnificent."

"Magnificent," Wallace agreed.



The important thing about every one of these farces is that, although they are hilarious comedies, they are comedies with something serious to say about life. "I'm All Right Jack" makes the point of the hypocrisy of the something-for-nothing attitude which is so prevalent today, and makes it far more effectively than it could have as a serious drama. "The Mouse That Roared" points up the utter futility of a bomb that can blow up the world. Many of the old Guinness films pointed out that respectability depends on the type of crime one commits. Even the St. Trinian series, which lays its satire on with a broad brush indeed, points up the fallacy of the over-sentimental approach to young girls. And "School For Scoundrels" highlights the uncivilized goals behind much of our civilized behavior.

It is, of course, impossible to have comedy with serious aims unless a few sacred cows are toppled in the process. Not since the great days of

Preston Sturges and Frank Capra has this occurred in Hollywood. And even their most abandoned movies were more cautious than the English product.

What of the future? In spite of a few tentative breaks in the dyke such as "Oceans 11" and "The Apartment," it looks as if the sacred cow will be left on her American pedestal for a long time to come. We are not about to make fun of anything that really counts.

In England, however, satire is still going strong. One new film, for example, is "Please Turn Over" which takes off on a young girl who writes a sexy novel about her home town. Another is "Make Mine Mink," about a society woman who heads a gang of thieves in order to donate the booty to charity.

Eventually, perhaps, when enough of these movies have been box-office winners, Hollywood will take the hint and start knocking over a few pedestals, itself. But don't count on it. Sacred cows are a hardy breed and perhaps only a society which has lived with them for many centuries the way England has can have the audacity to poke them knowingly in the ribs.



ROMANCE ON A SHOESTRING

(Continued from page 40)

just for myself—" theme right along. If women weren't so easily taken in by the love game, no man would get to first base with so corny an approach. But since the woman's mind is thinking, "If he loves me, he'll marry me," while the man's mind is thinking, "If I let her think I love her, she'll let me," there is considerable advantage to the fellow out for love *sans* cost.

Naturally, however, there is no pleasure without its pain, and the problem faced by the man who's lucky enough to get a gooey, sentimental girl who'll fall for him, is that he is also likely to have got himself a girl who Won't Let Go. Here are some ways of ending an affair quickly and cheaply.

1. Try never to let the girl know you no longer love her. The best approach for the married man is still the, "You're being a very foolish girl to waste your time on me, hohey, and I love you too much to let you do it, so I'm going to be strong for both of us and end it."

2. Try the indirect approach. This means you just see her less and less often, forget to return calls but always sound delighted to hear from her when you do return the call. In

desperation, the girl will turn to someone else to make you jealous and then it's easy for you to say, "Very well, if that's the way you feel, maybe you're right. Gene is much better for you than I am so let's let it go at that."

3. Travel. This is one of the best ways to end a love affair. A transfer to another city, or an extended business trip are painless ways of breaking a girl's heart. At first, of course, she'll search each day's mail for the letter you promised to send; then she'll begin to write you passionate, tearful, pleading letters. Finally, she'll tell you never mind, she's found someone else, and then you can come home.

In summing up: We can promise any healthy young man a low-budget love affair if he can just be heel enough to convince the girl he loves her. The cheapest way to a girl's boudoir lies in saying those three, simple little words, "I love you." And if you find you mean them, we're not responsible for what happens next.



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"GO POWDER YOUR NOSE!"

(Continued from page 25)

certainly one is as off guard then as one is while tubbing it.

The only violence that has been connected with the kind of implement we're talking about was that which was involved with a curious kind of contraption known as the jerry. This was found as far back as the fourteenth century as a pot-de-chambre. It could be made of earthenware or of any one of a variety of metals and was a simple container with an obvious purpose.

In the four or five hundred years of its popularity in England and the European countries, the jerry underwent some interesting changes. It was gayly decorated, verses, portraits of national enemies such as Napoleon in England, and other appropriate designs were placed in the target area and it was made of true porcelain.

But about the violence I mentioned. In its later stages of development, the jerry was the right size, shape and weight to be a perfect weapon for street fighting. It was known mainly in the back alleys of Paris where it became a dreaded instrument of war. Even experienced street fighters ran in terror when the deadly, shattering pots-de-chambre came into play.

They were also used to settle domestic quarrels. A French painter had his skull dented when his wife crowned him with a jerry in an argument over a model, and another Frenchman was banished from Paris for similarly clunking a too persistent mistress.

The designing of these necessities throughout the centuries seems to have taken two basic forms. The first was to make them as frank and sumptuous as possible and the second, contradictory form was to disguise them as something else—no mean feat in the days when the art of plumbing was not all it could have been.

These stages of development often alternated with each other. For example, directly after the W.C. reached the state of luxury it was in at the court of Versailles, clever steps were taken to conceal its use. Normally it was turned into another piece of furniture such as a chair or a couch. One interesting variation was to camouflage it as a pile of books which was placed in the bedroom in case the master or his guest felt the urge during the night. No one has ever recorded what happened when an unsuspecting guest thought the stack was real and tried to pick one up to read—or, conversely, when a guest mistook a real pile of books for a concealed contraption.

An earlier disguise was the 15th

and 16th century "close stool." Louis XI of France, who reigned from 1423 to 1483 (had a little pavilion built in his sleeping quarters to curtain off his royal seat. Henry VIII of England was the proud owner of a beautifully wrought chest which, when the lid was raised, was revealed to be a portable W.C. The seat was stuffed with down and the chest, itself was covered with black velvet.

Still another piece of camouflage, this one popular in Victorian times, was the commode. A commode, according to the bald definition in my dictionary, was "a piece of furniture containing a chamber pot." While this remains true to the facts, it does miss the whole elaborate flavor of the disguise, some of which were crafted by the great Chippendale himself.

The more highly wrought a commode was, the better. Some were turned into elaborate dressers complete with rows of drawers. Others were night tables with a design that made them go well next to a bed, and still others were turned into shaving tables with tilttable mirrors, fully enclosed cupboards and small coffee tables. Many of the present owners of these items would be surprised to learn what their proudest Chippendale antiques were originally used for.

The wierdest commode of all was designed by the French. Called a demoiselle, it consisted of a low, three-legged table with a long shaft rising up from the center. Two arms that were attached to the shaft held a mirror and basin respectively, and at the top of the shaft was a dummy head which could be used to drape a wig over. Looking for all the world like a half-human figure, it must have been a menacing sight to approach in a darkened bedroom when necessity called.

Commodes, jerrys, close stools and the like were all non-flushable products, of course. The interesting thing about the more acceptable flushing machine is that it was invented, lost, then re-invented many times in history. One of the darkest things about a dark age, in fact, is the lack of good sanitary engineers.

In addition to the Cretans, the ancient Indians—the ones from India, that is—had sanitary facilities, as probably did the Babylonians, Egyptians and others. By the time we get to Greece, however, the art has disappeared. As most everyone knows, the Romans were master-plumbers. But with the collapse of the empire, came the collapse once again of sanitation.

The modern, self-regulating water-closet was invented in the 18th

century although a description of one had been set down on paper as long ago as 1596. The first English patent on one was taken out in 1775 and only three years later the cabinet-maker, Joseph Bramah took out a patent on his device which was to be the standard for more than 100 years.

The Bramah valve closet worked well enough and was a true flush machine. It did have three handicaps, however, which by the latter half of the 19th century inventors were trying hard to overcome. The first and most important thing was that it was too noisy. When one was flushed, the user could be sure that everyone in the house would be made resoundingly aware of what had just taken place. Secondly, the handle was kind of trickly to operate and if it wasn't pulled back all the way flushing might not take place at all. These were all finally overcome in 1889 and the basic make-up of the W.C. has not changed since that date.

In the meantime, the once popular jerry had been transformed into the pedestal lavatory basin. This was a bedroom luxury for the man who felt the call, yet did not want to grope through a freezing hallway to where the family W.C. was located. They disappeared around the time of the first World War and the bathroom has been the acceptable place to satisfy nature's demands ever since.

If the machinery of the W.C. has not basically changed from the end of the 19th century, however, the looks of the contraption certainly have—and not all for the better, either. There was a boldness in the designs of the earlier models that the modern, white or pastel, simple implement totally lacks. Some of the old-fashioned designs have the seat perched atop a lion, tiger or other beast. Sometimes, the curving lower pipes were decorated as sea serpents, others were tinted and embossed in fabulous patterns. It is a fact that if you should want to buy one of these useful devices today, your choice of style is far slimmer than it would have been a generation or two ago.

The 20th century has made a couple of notable advances in this area, however. The first is in pure numbers. The overwhelmingly large percentage of Americans have at least one flushing device in the family. And while visitors to the more rural sections may regret the disappearance of the colorful back-yard privy, it is a good bet that the farmer's daughter, at least, prefers indoor plumbing.

The second contribution is in miniaturization or the art of making things smaller. This began in boats and railroad trains which featured

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devices that swung out of sight in order to save space and serve several functions. Anyone who has ever taken a roomette on an overnight trip will know where that development led. The airlines continued the trend, with some of our largest planes having toy accommodations that would be perfectly swell in a doll-house. And I suppose now that man is reaching into space, interplanetary craft will have entire restrooms built into a spare rocket tube.

By and large, though, progress has taken place through the centuries. It may have been an uneven sort of

progress, but we are better off now than in the days when the Queen of Crete sported the best john in Knossos.

And, while this may not be the most glamorous invention in the world—in sheer beauty, for example, it falls far behind the bikini—as I mentioned earlier, it is probably the most useful. If you are not convinced of that statement by now, try doing without one for 24 hours or so.



DEATH WALKS WITH A WIGGLE

(Continued from page 29)

offices downtown; the Apollo steam room; the track.

Too bad word was out. Otherwise, Charlie's artistry would have ended it by now. As it was, a frightened mobster was making himself difficult to find. But tenacity was one of Charlie's virtues, although he regretted the waste of time.

Time was something Charlie enjoyed spending with women. With the proper type, trim and quietly beautiful. Not like these raucous, blurry-eyed women twittering about the Club Paradise.

There was one, sitting shadowed far back in a lonely booth, who didn't seem to belong. Charlie caught a dim flash of impatient nylons, pale fingers twisting an untouched glass of champagne.

She's been stood up, he thought; a shame. There was no reason he shouldn't mix pleasure with the job. But he would wait, be certain her appointment had definitely fallen through. Charlie disliked scenes with surly boyfriends and outraged husbands.

As he waited, Charlie kept the Conselmo hit in mind. An aging baron, Conselmo—greying around the edges, hands slipping a bit on the reins, becoming over-cautious with mellowing years.

Charlie sighed. It was a familiar story: new powers restless below the throne, young blood with ideas, with money to pay for an elimination. Charlie's clients.

And nothing was different about Conselmo's reactions. First the dragnet of hoods, searching for a face none knew. Next, the hiding, the hope that the threat would go away. Charlie sighed again.

Men didn't realize their habit patterns were indelible, that they always returned to their known paths. When they did, Charlie and the neat little weapon waited. He admitted there were minor variations of the theme—a wall of bodyguards, cross-country flights, the importation of a specialist.

Charlie lifted his glass. That last bit never worked because Charlie

was at the top of his profession. Others were only lucky hoods, muscle men with a fair gun eye. They came and went—suddenly.

Still, there were rumors of a pretty good one, a competitor almost worthy of the name. But not tidy, doing work too close in. Such operations would soon catch up. Charlie watched the girl in the booth.

When he went to her, his face was set into just the proper blending of hope and embarrassment, the face a lonely businessman might have. It matched his well-tailored suit, the carefully combed hair and apologetic eyes.

"I—I couldn't help noticing—" he said, a soft voice a part of the picture. He swallowed noticeably when the woman looked up. "I—I thought, well—if you'd care to pass the time with me?"

"You'd be doing me a favor," she said. "A woman alone in a place like this—"

"I understand. When your friend arrives—"

She made room for him on the leather seat. "If he arrives."

"Only an idiot would leave you alone."

Her eyes were warm and dark. "How nice. Are you a stranger in town, Mr. —?"

"Just Charlie," he supplied. "Charles J. Cane Services. I come and go."

"Lori Lee," she said. "A salesman?"

"More in the investment and collecting line. May I order something?"

Her eyelids lowered, and Charlie admired the midnight lushness of her lashes. A truly lovely woman, modeled for the tastes of a master, all clean lines. It would be interesting to uncover the turbulence behind that quiet face, delve into the sensuous depths below the placid surface.

For Charlie had learned something in his travels. The intelligent, seemingly-calm ones were worth having. Not the blatantly sexual strippers whose ripe bodies lied; not the hoarse and frenetic singers.

Charlie often wished so much of his business didn't involve night clubs.

Just now, he was almost happy about the delayed hit. It gave him time to explore the contents of this delightfully wrapped package. She relaxed under his deliberately inept charm, lips wet with champagne, a good listener.

Lori drank often, and Charlie felt a rising wind of excitement, sensing her knees close to his, eyeing the dusky valley between the mounded hillocks of her breasts.

But he didn't forget where he was, never failed to glance at people coming and going, country-boy-come-to-town looks that didn't offend or draw attention. Charlie remained alert. Lori Lee was tempting, but business was business. There was the faintly irritating thought of the messy competitor whose reputation nearly matched his own.

"Penny," murmured Lori.

"A million wouldn't buy my thoughts of you."

She didn't exactly giggle, but Lori's musical laugh let him know the drinks were taking effect. Charlie ordered another magnum, but only tasted his own glass. His wine was the sweet flesh of women like Lori.

Lori chatted and Charlie answered with the right words, vague about his business, clear about his eager intentions. He thought the time was soon; he didn't care for sodden women.

Those with numbed inhibitions, yes; a woman could be delightfully abandoned then. But not one limply on the edge of coma. Such conquests were better left to the peasant tastes of men like Conselmo and his guards.

Lori pushed back her glass. "I'm a little wobbly. Take me home?"

The silken pressure of her hand said much more. Lori's place would be much like her, he thought, in subdued colors hinting of a riotous rainbow waiting to be uncovered. But it would be strange, and therefore dangerous. Charlie avoided strange places.

"My room," he suggested, and was pleased when Lori hesitated before nodding.

He stood aside, smiling at the length of the purse she carried. Fashionable, he supposed, but far too large. Charlie was conscious of his gun along his ribs, of its lightweight efficiency. The difference between male and female; women always carried unnecessary clutter.

At the checkroom, Lori retrieved her coat with a word, without fumbling hands that might mean a passed note. She had no excuses for a phone call, and that was good. Charlie considered every chance—even the infinitesimal one that Lori could be a plant.

No one in his business remained completely unknown. A whisper in

Chicago; a hint left in Dallas; a phone number traced in San Francisco. Some day, the clues would force Charlie's retirement.

But that was far in the future. At the moment, there was Lori Lee, a suggestive bundle in the taxi that would drop them a block from his hotel. She came easily into his arms, firm body throbbing. Her mouth was honeyed and excitingly eager.

Lori didn't protest the quick, roundabout walk to the lobby. The cold air made her eyes sparkle, freshened her cheeks. Charlie found the near-invisible thread still over the lock of his door, and broke it with the key. The lock clicked behind them as he flicked on light.

Now was the moment for the gallant offer of his robe and time to change in the bath. Charlie wanted to check windows and the fire escape. Conselmo was a shrewd and desperate man; he probably had hoods checking every hotel register, watching in every lobby.

Useless precautions, Charlie thought, for they looked for one of their own breed, for a swaggering, hard-eyed man. None would suspect a businessman so obviously on the town. Lori Lee made his cover perfect.

She sway-hipped from the bath, his robe tightly about her, holding the big purse. Lori had retouched her makeup for him, and he held out his hands to her. She was so lovely, so anxious to be crushed against his body. Their mouths searched and parted reluctantly. The shadow of a frown wrinkled her forehead.

The gun, he thought; it had outlined hard against her. "Protection," he said rapidly, "I sometimes carry large sums."

Lori sighed. "I—I was afraid. Policemen seem so—grimy."

"And gangsters?"

The girl shuddered.

Laughing, Charlie switched on the bed lamp and rechecked the door. Lori sat upon the bed, her purse on the night table. Charlie crossed over and slipped out of his coat, a bit pleased at her awed eyes on the exposed gun. Unbuckling straps, he hung it within reach on the bedpost.

The gun was forgotten as Lori lay back. The robe drifted open from coral-tipped cones, a breathless sweep of flesh veering to lifted roundness of a satin thigh.

Then the robe was gone, whisked from ivory skin trembling beneath his hands. Lori was tenderly ravenous, undulating, the taste of her quivering under his lips, musky woman-scent enveloping him.

She was rhythmed hips and flowing thighs; she was silken motion growing in writhing intensity that cupped and sheathed him in rising flames, that consumed him in a spasmed crescendo of softstrong heat and interlocked bodies.

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Long, descending minutes later, Charlie watched the ceiling through heavy eyes. Lori stirred against him. Silently, he gave cynical thanks to Conselmo. Few hits in Charlie's experience had presented such gratifying pauses. People in his profession had to take pleasure where they found it, on the run.

He thought he should say a word of gratitude to the mobster when he found him. But of course he wouldn't. He'd shoot Conselmo neatly in the right eye, as he had done to countless other targets in the past. Sentiment didn't mix with business.

Lori murmured half-words and moved regretfully away. "Cigaret?"

Charlie shook his head and reached to adjust the spring holster on the bedpost.

"No," she said. The warmth of her voice was lost in the metallic click of her purse.

Charlie kept his hand suspended and twisted carefully to stare at her, at the gaping bore of the gun in her hand.

A curious weapon, difficult to identify at first. Then he pegged it—a .410 shotgun, stock sawed off just behind the pistol grip, barrel short-

ed to mere inches. The hammer eared back over a single shell. At this range, one lead-spraying shot was more than enough.

Charlie was suddenly very cold.

Flat, toneless, Lori's words pushed at him. "It was nice, Charlie, and I'm grateful. But there's no room for sentiment in our business. I'm sure you understand."

Charlie's eyes didn't lift from the yawning muzzle of the gun—a typical weapon for a woman, not calling for accuracy. A weapon handled by a competitor he'd heard rumors about.

He'd tipped himself by his presence in Conselmo's place, cemented her suspicions by letting her see the gun. A competitor would know that gun. Who would have thought of a woman?

Charlie tried for his beautifully efficient .22, knowing he'd never make it, knowing in the red thunder that smashed away his life that it shouldn't have ended like this at all.

So untidy.



OLIVER'S TRYSTS

(Continued from page 18)

next one. I'll let you watch, but remember, you're supposed to be Mr. Moneybags!"

What can I tell you? The way he bamboozled those two girls—one at a time, of course — because even Oliver had his limitations — into matching his fiery performance would have given Svengali an inferiority complex.

I overheard phrases like, "If you hope to be believable as a sex-starved Eurasian you're going to have to overcome that unnatural prudishness" — "it's vital to make your body convey all the delicate nuances of the role" — "no, no, you must remember that when she brazenly sheds her underthings she's now a creature stripped of all subtleties." That was for sure!

I lost four pounds that day—and I was only watching!

When later I read the script of 'The Wayward Houri'—which I had smuggled out of Oliver's apartment —it was clear why he had never even tried to get his plays produced, if this was a fair sample of his work.

'The Wayward Houri' was literally a labor of love, with the plot merely a series of hokey devices to provide a framework for his sizzling love scenes. He'd probably used the same story line in all his other plays, simply changing the locale and characters each time.

The next day, acting on one of my more brilliant inspirations, I showed the script to Milo Pope. Milo is one

of the shrewdest literary agents in the business. Halfway through his rapt perusal of a romantic interlude, Milo stabbed a finger at a paragraph describing some business and grunted in admiration, "Why didn't Tennessee Williams think of that?!"

"He probably would have," I retorted, "if he'd had Oliver's glands. Now do you see what I mean? This were-wolf has his own full moon. Steps must be taken to protect these ingenuous ingenues. Now how would you like to put a stop to this and make some money for your office?" I didn't wait for an answer; I simply moved my chair closer to the desk and started talking—fast.

Finally Milo grinned. "I think you've got something there," he conceded. Coming from Milo, this was like Oscar Levant telling you he has a *healthy* respect for you!

"But time's a-wastin'," I warned. "From what I saw yesterday, Oliver's about settled on his new leading lady —and you can take that any way you want!"

"Don't worry," Milo reassured me, "my Hollywood representative will be in town for the next three weeks, and this sort of thing is right down this individual's alley!"

For the next ten days I was pretty busy batting out several comedy numbers for an Argentine sister act whose knowledge of English was limited to "This steenks!" By the time I got through explaining every lyrical punchline to them, my songs

seemed to pack all the belly laughs of a Gregorian chant.

Later that night I was unwinding over a solitary seidel of German lager in a Yorkville bierstube—Suzi was out of town with a night club unit at the time—when an arm was draped around my shoulders. I wouldn't have minded that so much, but the arm was attached to Oliver.

Nina Reid, the filly that Oliver proudly introduced as his new leading lady, was petite. Despite the fact that her chestnut hair was in a pony tail, her hazel eyes somehow gave the impression of maturity, an impression heightened by her quiet self-assurance and the fact that she was built like a Swiss scenic railway.

For the rest of that night we went places and did things. It was obvious that for the first time Oliver was smitten and didn't care who knew it. As for Nina, could be she felt the same way—which would have made me feel like poisoning all the oyster beds.

Later that night, while the three of us were having a nightcap in Oliver's digs, I suggested he run the tapes of some of the early readings he had conducted with his prospective leading ladies during the past few years. Oliver shot me a warning glance, but when Nina enthusiastically chimed in, betraying for the first time the devil that lurked in the depths of her eyes—he reluctantly agreed.

While the tapes were being played she refused to be drawn into conversation, simply sitting back and sipping her highball, her feet tucked under her, while she concentrated on the voices coming from the tape recorder. Once, when she thought Oliver wasn't looking, she glanced significantly at me.

Monday night it hit the fan. Oliver had just let me in when the phone rang. Crossing to the desk formerly used by his typist-receptionist, he picked up the phone, and from that moment on his face gradually assumed that smart new color: white on white.

This seemed to be my month for overhearing conversations. In a Southern drawl that sounded remarkably like one of those I'd heard on Oliver's tapes, the voice on the other end said, "Bet you though you'd never hear from li'l ol' me again, Honey Chile" . . . "Well, this girl and me, when we started comparin' notes in this producer's waiting room"— "You better return our thousand dollars by tomorrow, lambie-pie, or what a rebel yell that D.A.'s gonna hear!" . . . "If you think we don't mean business, sugar, why don't you take a look at Jack Ripley's column today, you hear?" Then, with a poisonous sweetness, "G'bye, y' carpet-bagger . . . how's it feel to have the rug pulled out from under you?!"

For a few seconds after she had

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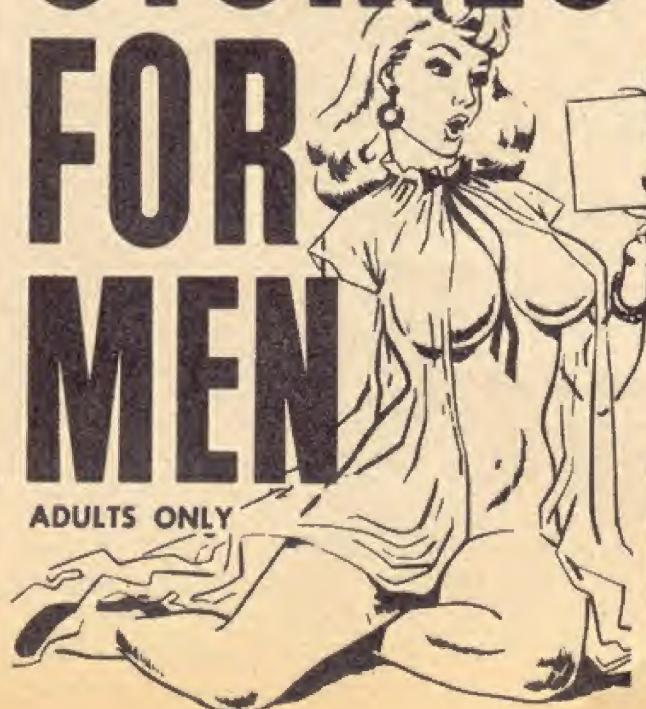
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hung up Oliver stood swaying and clutching his now dead phone. The mention of Jack Ripley—or 'Jack the Ripper' as his past victims called him—had probably been the crusher. He shuddered, replaced the phone, then as he glimpsed the paper under my arm he sprang forward and snatched at it with a hoarse cry.

It was there, all right, under 'Ripley Reports': a blind item in Jack's lowest-type innuendo. Over Oliver's shoulder I read:

'A CERTAIN COPY WRITER IS ABOUT TO MAKE SOME STARTLING COPY OF HIS OWN UNLESS HE DOES RIGHT BY AT LEAST TWO OF THE MANY LOVELIES WHO HAVE STARRED, FINANCIALLY AND OTHERWISE, IN PAST PRODUCTIONS OF HIS—SHALL WE SAY—"BEDROOM FOLLIES."'

At sight of the misery reflected in Oliver's poached egg pupils, I couldn't help feeling the same pity for him that I had felt for the marlin in 'The Old Man and the Sea.' I felt I had to say something to relieve his distress.

"Relax," I said. "It's a cinch those dames won't go any further as long as they get their dough back. Apparently the money means more to them than their honor."

"One thousand clams!" Oliver moaned, holding his head. "Where am I gonna get that kind of dough on *my* salary?!" He grabbed my lapels with shaking hands. "Look, Cal, you gotta help me convince those chicks they'll get their thousand bucks back but it's gonna take time. I'm not lettin' them railroad me into prison just 'cause I conned them into thinking they were gonna play the lead in—"

That's when he stopped 'cause Nina Reid was standing just inside the door I had neglected to close. Her shocked expression was no match for Oliver's; his resembled a hogcaller with stage fright.

"Okay, now you know!" he blurted, when he could find speech again, "but so help me, with you I was on the level!" He turned to me and his voice trembled with emotion. "It's the truth, Cal, I never took a dime from her. And you can believe this or not, but all I've ever done is hold her hand!"

"I believe you, Oliver," I said soothingly, "but you're not holding much of a hand right now. The question is: what are you going to do?!"

For the first time that evening Nina spoke. She seemed to have made up her mind about something. "I guess that's my department, Cal," she said as she moved toward Oliver. "Would you mind? This is sorta confidential."

"Be my guest," I said, with a Cary Grant-like wave of my hand.

"Oliver, there's only one thing you

can do," Milo Pope's Hollywood representative was softly saying to the stricken playwright as I gently closed the door behind me. Was in my imagination or could I already hear the rustle of an agency contract?

During the rainy season I occasionally get a twinge of conscience when I think of how I had my uncle, a printer with a flourishing shop, replate the page containing Jack the Ripper's column, and insert a certain phony item that I had prepared.

Then I tell myself that if it weren't for me Oliver never would have acquired such a lovely wife—a former actress turned agent—who helped him become a highly-paid Hollywood specialist in the art of creating com-

mercial love scenes for other writers' screen plays.

Invariably, after this amount of soul-searching, I wind up gurgling and cooing as I realize the exquisite torture Oliver must be suffering at being unable to enact those love scenes himself. I know he could do a better job than the high-salaried male stars who portray them.

One thing more I am sure of: the love scenes in those plays he hurriedly left behind in his apartment—the apartment I moved into—didn't do a thing for me!



THE WORLD'S GREATEST LOVER

(Continued from page 58)

prised her in bed with a strange man. As the price of silence, the precocious boy exacted a heavy daily tribute of jam and sweets. It was his first lesson in blackmail.

A few years later, placed in a girls' boarding school with his sister, his education advanced rapidly. In class he would "accidentally" drop his pencil, get down on all fours to retrieve it amid a forest of plump young limbs. Sometimes a pair of legs recoiled as his hot little hands stroked and probed; sometimes, as he grew bolder, there was a muffled shriek; sometimes the legs merely quivered, and remained still as he continued his explorations.

At the age of 12 he attempted his first seduction—only to be thwarted by fate. He managed to lure a young girl to a lonely railroad embankment one evening. The two were about to abandon themselves to the passions of young love when suddenly there was a terrific explosion and a burst of flame split the night. The girl disentangled herself with difficulty and rushed down the slope to see what had happened.

Cursing the diversion, Frank followed. He caught up with her as she was struggling to get over a fence. His intimately exploring hands were repulsed, she broke away and ran down to the tracks where a freight train loaded with oil barrels had crashed into a passenger train, killing 35 men and women. Long after the harrowing memory of the odor of burning flesh and the screams of victims trapped in the wreckage faded, his resentment of the cruel fate that had frustrated his first fumbling efforts to reap the fruits of love persisted.

At the age of 15 he ran away from home, embarked at Liverpool on a ship bound for America. The 12-day voyage was enlivened by his second attempt at seduction. His partner: Jessie, the young daughter of the Chief Engineer. He vividly describes

the two teenagers meeting by stealth every night to cuddle in one of the lifeboats, the girl constantly repulsing his advances with the plea: "Not here, later later!" Alas, there was no later, at least as far as she was concerned.

He worked in New York as a bootblack and as a sandhog, in Chicago as a hotel clerk. Then he moved West where he became a cowboy, met "Wild Bill" Hickock, learned to break horses, fight Indians and rustle cattle. And there he was initiated into sex by *filles de joie* "who smelt at a distance of several yards, and were liable to leave more than memories of passion among their customers."

Years later he wrote a book about his experiences, "*My Reminiscences as a Cowboy*," which sold 30,000 copies. At least one authority on the Wild West denounced this literary masterpiece as "a blatant farrago of lies."

Rapidly tiring of the range, he backtracked to Lawrence, Kansas, where he became in turn a butcher's helper, bouncer in a gambling den, advertising salesman and university student. He was 19, and hot-blooded; the mere sight of a woman set his pulses pounding, parched his mouth, turned his blood to lava. In this state, he says, he was a "rattlesnake, striking at anything (female) that moves."

He describes in lurid detail his intimacies with a host of local women.

There was Lorna, wife of a gambler who taught him the latest dance steps evenings while her husband was busy fleecing suckers at the gaming tables. Dancing with a woman a good three inches taller made Frank giddy, he collapsed on a convenient sofa. She collapsed beside him. When they arose hours later, it was Lorna who felt giddy.

There was her friend Lily, who played the piano. For a time she and Frank made beautiful music together



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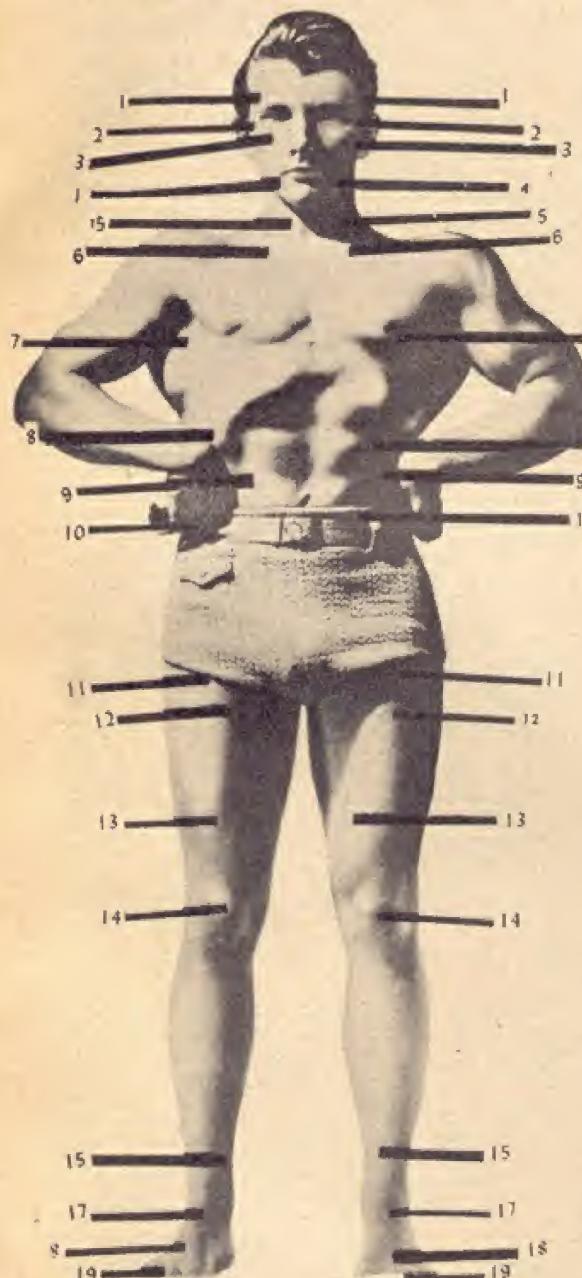


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behind Lorna's back. Then the gambler's wife found out about them.

One night while the Kansas Casanova was putting on his best demonstration of sexual prowess she cooed: "Won't my husband be surprised when he comes home and finds us like this?" Frankie frantically struggled to get out of bed, but his muscular enamored clutched him to her bosom and refused to let go. Lover-boy pleaded and reasoned in vain; only when he promised never to two-time her again did she release her strangle-hold and let him make his escape. But he didn't keep his promise. There were Kate, and Rose, and many others, all in the course of a single year. They demanded so much of his time and energies that he had little left for his studies. Deciding that he was wasting his talents in the provinces, the 20-year-old adventurer put the touch on a friend and borrowed passage-money back to Europe.

The Russo-Turkish war had just broken out and young Harris got a job as a war correspondent. At the battle of Plevna he became very friendly with General Skobelev, the Russian commander. One day the General sadly confided that at the age of 14 and 15 he had begun to chase pretty girls; as the result of youthful over-indulgence, now at the age of 40 he was almost entirely impotent.

"Good God!" cried Frank. "What a dreadful fate!" Forthwith he made a vow to husband his resources.

He embarked on a tour of Europe that brought him to Moscow, Athens, Munich and Berlin. He enrolled at Heidelberg University — where he lectured students on "the virtues of chastity." Shortly afterward, forgetting his good resolutions, he made a pass at a pretty blonde fraulein he met in a local beergarden, which led to a fist-fight with her jealous boy-friend. Result: he wound up in the local clink on a charge of assault and was thrown out of the university.

In gay Vienna he fell under the spell of Marie, a pretty blonde cafe dancer with "a piquant, intelligent face, hazel eyes and a figure preserved in all its boyish grace." She had other irresistible qualities. On their second meeting she confessed that she had lost her virginity to a Hungarian banker at the age of 13. All this was merely a preliminary to impassioned lovemaking, to which she brought all the versatile inspiration and skill of a highly sophisticated and well-trained daughter of Eros. He responded (he says) with a demonstration of virility that was little short of phenomenal. They were lovers for seven mad, impetuous, magic weeks.

But he became restless. He was 26 years old now, it was high time he settled down and made his mark

on the world. One night, without a word to his lovely mistress, he packed his bags and left.

He arrived in London friendless, with no connections and even fewer prospects. With typical brazenness and blarney, by a series of clever maneuvers he met and worked his way into the confidence of a prominent newspaper publisher. According to one account, he accomplished this with the help of the press tycoon's wife, who had succumbed to his rough and ready love-making.

It took him just two years to become editor of the London *Evening News*. He didn't have the remotest idea how to edit a daily newspaper. Yet within a short time he raised the circulation of the *News* from an anemic 7,000 copies to a robust 70,000 copies per day. He did it by lifting stories from the morning papers, embellishing them with lurid details of sex and violence and serving them piping hot to midday readers. The once staid and conservative *Evening News* blossomed out with headlines like "Shocking Assault on an Austrian Girl," "Grave Charges Against a Clergyman," "Gross Outrage on a Female," etc., etc.

At the age of 30 Frank Harris was a distinguished editor. Women once fascinated by his voice and animal virility, found him even more fascinating as a man of power and stature. But the great love of his life, the woman he never forgot to his dying day, he could not hold.

He met Laura when he was penniless and jobless, shortly after his return to London. A charming, highly intelligent girl with fine eyes and a lovely figure, her capacity for sensual abandon was a perfect match for his own. He recalled with relish the times he took her to the theatre:

"And there, in the darkness at the back of the box, she gave herself to me. Again and again."

One evening, after he became a famous editor, he saw her with another man. There was a violent quarrel, and a tearful reconciliation. They continued to see each other several nights a week. He paid her rent and gave her a regular allowance. Then one night he spotted her in a private dining salon with his rival. Violently jealous, he exploded with rage and broke with her.

But he took her back. The affair lasted six years, on and off, then cooled. One day she came to him and told him that a Mr. Hodge, a millionaire, wanted to marry her. "A good name and a good sum," was Harris' comment. They never met again.

Suddenly, to the surprise of all his friends, he married. His wife, Mrs. Edith May Clayton, was considerably older than he. She was not a sexy female; to her, sex was "a subdued activity carried out after dark in near anonymity."

Unfortunately, she was insanely jealous. And Frank Harris, who regarded all sexual restraint as "interference with the laws of nature," had no intention of reforming. He would show up drunk at receptions and dinner parties, flirt outrageously with every female—attached or unattached present—make bawdy remarks in his booming voice. As his friend Oscar Wilde remarked: "Frank has been to every great house in England—once!"

The marriage lasted seven years; they parted by mutual consent. Almost simultaneously, with the printing of a controversial article favoring anarchism, in the *Fortnightly*, that magazine fired Harris.

As the years passed, he drifted from magazine to magazine, increasingly embroiled in controversy and involvement with the law. His vigorous defense of Oscar Wilde during the latter's famous trial and imprisonment and fight against "puritanical restraints on sexuality" aroused moral indignation; his sympathy for the Boers in the Boer War, and later for the Germans in World War I, made it impossible for him to live in England.

He pulled a number of shady financial deals which brought him into wide disrepute. Living on a lavish scale, he was always broke. And he didn't hesitate to rob his friends when he needed money. As one of them said: "The vilest thing in connection with Harris is not the fact that he robs his friends. It is that after robbing them he makes it his policy to attack them directly or indirectly so as to cover up his rascality."

He is known to have blackmailed several people. One of them, Lady Warwick, unwisely entrusted him with a number of intimate letters from a certain royal personage. It cost her a pretty sum to get them back.

His affairs with women were notorious, and messy. Only four years after his divorce he eloped with a beautiful, 20-year-old Irish girl named Helen O'Hara. She was his constant companion, up to the time of his death, more than 30 years later. That didn't restrain him from pursuing other females. The older he got, the younger he liked them.

In Paris he seduced the 12-year-old daughter of his French mistress. A lovely, lissome young girl just flowered into precocious womanhood, this nymphet aroused in the old lecher an unbridled passion. He stole into her room one night, and she did not repel his caresses. He boasts in his memoirs of a series of unmentionable sex acts in which she willingly participated, during the few brief weeks of their affair.

In New York he was smitten with an underage shop girl who sold him cigarettes. He took her to dinner,

plied her with drinks, took her to his rooms. As he fumbled with her clothing, she slapped his face. Whereupon his voice roared out with such vibrating force that she "trembled violently and melted away . . ." He barely escaped prosecution under the Mann Act for that one.

Many stories still circulate about orgies he threw in a hotel he built and ran for a time in the South of France. According to one account: "A young girl wearing the flimsiest clothing, turned the handle of a gramaphone. A special drink, mixed at Harris' direction, was repeatedly served, and within an hour whatever pretence to inhibition to company might have had vanished. Four of five couples, including Harris, danced to the gramaphone. Whenever the young woman in charge chose to stop, it was the signal for both men and girls to take off one item of clothing and change partners. At twelve o'clock there was little left to remove . . . the party continued until three the next morning."

Finally, in his old age, he settled down in France to write his memoirs. "My Life and Loves" was written in a white heat of remembered lust by "a lascivious old man stimulating his body to respond to its former glories." In it he describes his active indulgence in every sex act known to man—and many not hitherto even dreamed of, all in language so frank that the volumes were banned even in France, which long has had a liberal tradition in such matters.

Critics—among them writers who themselves often had drawn down the wrath of censors for their work—were outraged. "It is the vilest book I have ever laid eyes on: I think it absolutely inexcusable . . . poisonous!" wrote Upton Sinclair. "A senile and lip-wetting giggle of an old man about his far distant filthiness," said Sinclair Lewis.

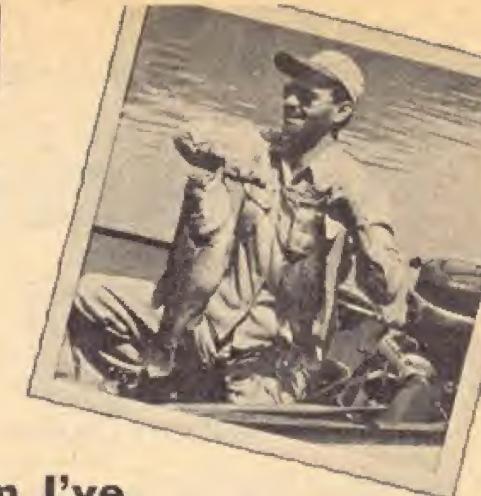
Nevertheless copies of the five volumes were smuggled into France, England and America, covered with jackets of "A Tale of Two Cities" by Dickens, or "Old Goriot" by Balzac. They sold like hot-cakes, at fancy prices.

To this man, impotence was a sort of living death. And so that day in 1931, on the beach of Nice, he realized that his life had ended. A few nights later he shakily arose from his bed, filled a glass with water, drained it, and in a last burst of fury dashed it against the wall. His wife finally settled him, swearing, back into bed. A few hours later he was dead.

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THE WORLD'S GREATEST MOLDER OF HANDSOME HE-MEN and CHAMPS out of WEAKLINGS says

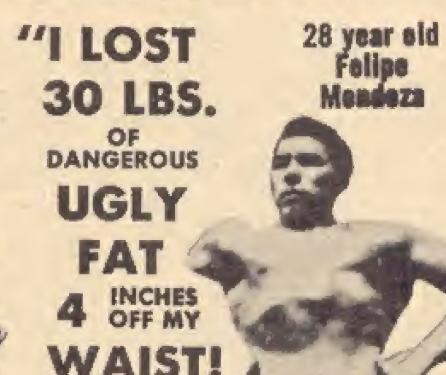
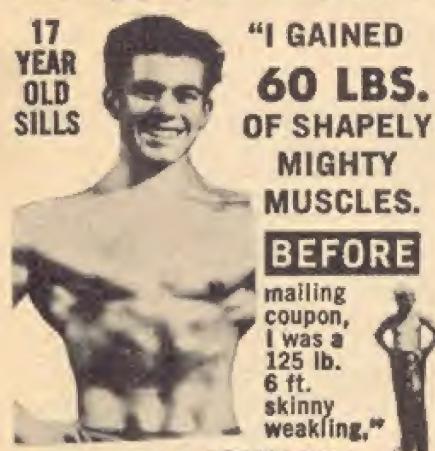
YOU can now get FREE!

ALL these 5 famous
PICTURE-PACKED COURSES
to Make YOU a SUPER-MAN.
(formerly \$5.00 each)
Now FREE to you if you mail
coupon AT ONCE! LAST CHANCE!



"NO MATTER WHAT YOUR AGE
I'll show you, by my quick, easy SECRETS

How to GAIN or LOSE UP TO 50 LBS. FAST
like my pupils here did and THOUSANDS do now."



"That 220 lb. FAT-BOY at the right was ME a few short weeks ago."

JOWETT streamlined my body, made me a new man my 47" chest my 32" waist 15" difference attracts admiration at the beach.

YOU can add 7 inches to your CHEST 3½ inches to each ARM and the rest in proportion just as I did.

YOU can WIN the 18" tall SILVER TROPHY with name on it, A GOLD MEDAL, \$100, as I did."

45 year old FATHER and 18 year old SON — now Pals — train JOWETT way together!



"Both gained pounds of powerful muscles. Advise all you fathers and sons to send for the Jowett courses without foolish delay."

—LARRY CAMPBELL

JOWETT INSTITUTE, Dept. AS-12 220 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N.Y.

I LOST POUNDS OF FAT FAST. Everyone, regardless of age, should send for your courses. Soon they'll be as proud as I am."

Paul Lange



SKINNY OR FAT, 15, 20, 30 OR 40 YEARS OF AGE
I'LL BUILD YOU INTO A NEW
ATHLETIC MIGHTY-MUSCLED
ALL-MALE HE-MAN

in 10 THRILLING MINUTES a day, as I have done to MILLIONS in 35 YEARS."

GEORGE JOWETT

4 TIMES WINNER
WORLD'S STRONGEST and MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN title, wearing CHAMPIONSHIP MEDALS, and MEDALS honoring him as "WORLD'S BEST Body Builder".



Now would YOU like to have 18½ inch ARMS a 52 inch CHEST like this Jowett pupil NOW has?

This now MAGNIFICENT,
MODERN HERCULES,
26 year old teacher,
William Butler,

says to YOU, "No matter WHAT your age, I advise you, SEND for the JOWETT WONDER PICTURE COURSES at once."

Under the World's GREATEST BODY-BUILDER, George Jowett, I now have 18½" ARMS, a 52" CHEST my STRENGTH has greatly improved. So have my sports. I have won titles like 'Mr. Virginia', 'Mr. State Y.M.C.A.', etc."

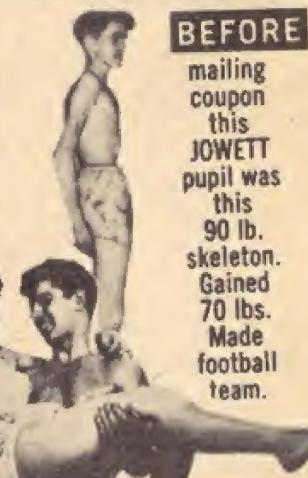
YOU can soon be a HERO of MEN like Butler is and an IDOL of WOMEN in a few weeks!

Yes! In just 10 THRILLING MINUTES a day, in the SECRECY of YOUR OWN ROOM at home, MY RAPID-FIRE, EASY as ABC FAMOUS PICTURE METHODS will start building you THE VERY FIRST NIGHT. I'll show you How to Mold 16 INCH ARMS of MIGHT, a big, deep 45 INCH CHEST housing TIRELESS LUNGS, WIDE MANLY SHOULDERS — a BROAD BRAWNY BACK, tapering to a SLENDER WAIST with punch-proof STOMACH MUSCLES, LEGS of RUNNING POWER.

WOMEN always say, "I just adore JOWETT ALL-MALE HE-MEN".

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are now. If you're in your teens, twenties, thirties or forties, I'll show you in just 10 thrilling minutes in your home, how you can make yourself over by the easy, quick method I turned myself from wreck to WORLD CHAMPION and turned MILLIONS of others into all-male he-men!

YES! You'll ADD INCHES of MIGHTY MUSCLES to your ARMS, deepen your CHEST, broaden your BACK and SHOULDERS. From HEAD to HEELS you'll gain SIZE, POWER, LIGHTNING SPEED, ENDURANCE. You'll become a SUCCESSFUL HE-MAN in LOOKS and ACTS — a WINNER in EVERYTHING — athletics, business, studies.



mailing coupon this JOWETT pupil was this 90 lb. skeleton. Gained 70 lbs. Made football team.



"I'm proud of you now, Tony, Pascarella

28 JOWETT lbs.

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING, Dept. AS-12
220 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N.Y.

Dear George: Mail me FREE all 6 HE-MAN Building Picture Courses. Include PHOTO BOOK of FAMOUS STRONG MEN.

I enclose 10c for mailing and handling.

I am under no other obligation.

I'm checking everything I need to give me the kind of body I want.

I want to gain lbs. (fill in). Triple my strength.

I want to streamline my body, get rid of flabby fat.

I want to add inches of muscle to my ARMS CHEST

SHOULDERS POWERFUL LEGS SLIM WAIST

I want to become a winning athlete. I want new pep.

NAME AGE

(please print or write plainly)

ADDRESS CITY ZONE STATE

FREE

\$80 worth of Sports, Self-defense, Strong-man Stunts Courses Apparatus. Let me know how to get these

FREE!



The party's over now. All the

fiction and articles have been read.

All the laughs have been

laughed. All of the beautiful

girls have been scrutinized.

Yes, the party's ended—but

only until next issue when ACE

will be back with lots more

beauties to dance up a glamor

storm before your eyes, like

Bunni Bacon who says "au revoir."



JAN 11 1961



Enjoy another classic from the Yootha Archive

Discover more amazing collections in our **eBay shop**

<http://stores.ebay.co.uk/Yootha-Archive-of-Vintage-and-Retro>

or at **www.yootha.com**